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Selections.

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY,

MISSIONARY FROM BARBADOES,

At the Anniversary of West India Emancipation, at Abington (Mass.), July 31, 1858.

Phonographically reported for The Liberator, by Mr. YERRINTON.

I AM happy, Mr. President, that you have placed me before this assembly, not as one from whom a speech may be expected, but in the capacity of a witness; and therefore I can tell a plain, straight-forward tale, without being at all cast down by the consciousness that I cannot make any pretension to those gifts of oratory which I have observed our friends have been accustomed to meet with in connection with those who have taken a leading part on such occasions as this.

I am, perhaps, Mr. Chairman, the only person present who was an eye-witness of that event which you have met together this day to celebrate. You will see that I am not a very old man, sir; the snows of age have not entirely covered my head; but I am old enough to have been present during that insurrection to which you have referred, and which was one of the principal events which hastened on the crisis of the movement for West India Emancipation, and constrained the British government to "let the oppressed go free." It had been customary with the pro-slavery press of Great Britain—and a very large portion of that press was, up to a late hour, under the influence of the West India body, and of those interested in the maintenance of slavery—it had been customary for that press, as it is now of the pro-slavery press of this country, to endeavor to mislead the masses by asserting that the slaves were better off than they would be in freedom, that they were perfectly content with their lot, that they hugged their chains, and that it was, in brief, a condition very little short of the happiness of Paradise. You may imagine, then, what sort of feeling would be excited in Great Britain, among its churches and the people generally, when the startling intelligence reached them, in the beginning of 1832, that fifty thousand slaves in the island of Jamaica had made an effort for liberty, had resolved to strike a blow for freedom, and had stood up in opposition to their masters, and to the law which held them in bondage, and claimed their freedom. Sir, the illusion was at once dispelled, and it was seen and felt, throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, that the public mind had been imposed upon, and that there existed in the West Indies, amongst the slaves, an intense desire, nay, more than that, a *determination*, to be free. Sir, I happened to be stationed in the island of Jamaica, and in that part of it which was the scene of this insurrection. I knew the person with whom the insurrection originated very well; I marked its progress; I was an eye-witness to the cruelties and slaughter by which it was suppressed; and I saw it brought to a termination. The man with whom the insurrection originated—Samuel Sharp—was a slave, and a member of the Baptist church in Montego Bay. Although it may seem strange to many, Sam Sharp was a very handsome negro, a perfect model man; and, more than that, he had learned to read. He was born in slavery, but he had never felt anything of the bitterness of slavery. He was born in a family that treated him indulgently; he was a pet, and was brought up as the play-mate of the juvenile members of the family, and had opportunities of learning to read and for mental cultivation, to which very few of his fellow-slaves had access; and Sharp, above all this, was possessed of a mind worthy of any man, and of oratorical powers of no common order. I have been astonished, when I have heard that man address a large assembly, as I did several times while he was in jail, to see the power with which he swayed the feelings, the hearts and the minds of his auditory. He was a man of no common stamp, though a black man, and born in slavery.

Well, sir, Sharp determined to free himself and his fellow-slaves. I do not know whether he was himself deceived, or whether he knowingly deceived his fellow-conspirators, but he persuaded a large number of them to believe that the British government had made them free, and that their owners were keeping them in slavery in opposition to the wishes of the authorities of England. It so happened, sir, that, just at that time, the planters themselves were pursuing a course which favored Sharp's proceedings directly. They were holding meetings through the length and breadth of the island, protesting against the interference of the home government with their property, passing very inflammatory resolutions, and threatening that they would transfer their allegiance to the United States, in order that they might perpetuate their interest in their slaves. Sharp dexterously took advantage of these meetings, and pointed out to the slaves that if it were not true that the British government were willing to make them free, there would be no necessity for such meetings and such publications as these. The consequence was that about fifty thousand of these people, at the Christmas holidays, were in insurrection, and claimed their rights as British subjects, and as free men, refusing to go to work on any terms, except on the payment of their proper wages as free workmen. The insurrection was soon put down, as you may imagine. Sharp really believed that the British soldiers would not act in opposition to the slaves, in claiming their freedom; he soon found his mistake, however. A large body of military was ordered to that part of the island. The commander-in-chief was a man who felt as a man ought to feel under such circumstances, and sought to do everything he could to put an end to the insurrection by lenient measures, and issued a proclamation, promising that all who would return to their duty within a limited period should be pardoned—that no notice should be taken of what they had done, unless they had been guilty of incendiarism, or had committed personal violence upon the opposite party. Parties were sent out with the proclamation, and many of the slaves, finding that their attempt to recover their freedom in this way would be vain, came in, and resumed their labors upon the estates. The insurrection would soon have been put down, and very little loss of life would have ensued, had not the militia of the island, consisting of the planters, who had manifested the greatest cowardice when the insurrection broke out, now recovered their bravery, and subjected those who had taken part in it to every indignity and outrage. I have seen men and women who came in under the proclamation, and the promise it contained from the commander-in-chief, taken out of the field, with their hoes in their hands, tied, and shot dead. I used to see the gallows filled with insurgents from morning to night. I remember, on one occasion, my attention was directed to an execution which was about to take place—that of one of the principal leaders of the insurrection. A court-martial was sitting in Montego Bay, and about twenty or thirty yards off a gallows had been erected, on which five or six persons could be executed at once. Five men were hanging on it, and five more were beneath it, and it was rumored that Capt. Dehany, a man who had taken a leading part in the insurrection, was to be executed in the next lot. The executioner, who was a brutal black man, and one who had escaped the gallows on condition that he should perform these horrible duties, was leaning against one of the posts of the gallows, eating his breakfast—a piece of salt fish in one hand, and a piece of plantain in the other. He was told his victims were ready. (They only allowed the doomed ones half an hour after conviction to prepare for death.) Bacchus—that was the name of the executioner—put down his food upon a projection of the gallows, walked up the ladder, and, with the knife with which he had been eating his breakfast, severed the cords on which the victims on the gallows were hanging, and down they fell, one after another, upon the heap of dead below. Then he brought out Dehany and his fellows. I knew him at once, though I had never seen him before, by the demeanor of the man—a fine, broad-chested, model man—a yellow-skinned negro, as they called him there; but there rested upon his countenance an angry frown. The man walked out to meet his doom as if he were walking at the head of a triumphal procession. A gentleman stepped up to him and said, "Dehany, what is troubling you at a time like this?" "Mr. Manderson," said he, "they want me to go before God with a lie in my mouth. They want me to say that the missionaries put us up to it. They know it is a lie." "Well, never mind," said the gentleman; "don't let that trouble you now." The frown soon passed off his face, and they were marched up the platform and tied up; signal was given, and the rope was cut. I looked, and only four of them hung upon the gallows, and Dehany was not among them. The rope had broken, and he had fallen to the ground. They picked him up half-strangled, and in a state of unconsciousness for a moment or two. I went up, in the midst of the crowd, to witness his demeanor. Still, sir, with all these horrors about him, the man was undaunted. I could hear the whisper of prayer upon his lips; there was nothing about him of the bravado, but everything that indicated the manly courage of one who is conscious he is dying in an honorable cause (applause).

So it was with Samuel Sharp. After the insurrection was put down, Sharp was taken, and he was the last man put to death in consequence of that insurrection. About two thousand were slain; many of them, of course, in encounters with the military, but most of them were either shot or hanged in cold blood. I have myself seen not less than nineteen of these poor creatures led out in one batch, to be hanged up like dogs. I have known sixty to be led out from the same jail, in the course of three days, and put to death. On one occasion, I saw a poor fellow brought into town, his hands tied behind him; a court-martial was immediately summoned, and with scarcely a show of evidence that the man had done anything in connection with the insurrection—indeed, there was nothing found, except that he was in the midst of a crowd looking on whilst a building was burning which had been set on fire by the insurrectionists—he was convicted and led out to be shot. They were in such a hurry that they did not even take the trouble to pass sentence upon him; and when, within an hour and a half from the time he was brought into the town, he stood under the gallows, I heard him inquire, "What are you going to do with me?" They had not even had the humanity to tell him he was going to die. The officer stepped up to him, took up his jacket, which had been torn off when he was brought to the spot, threw it over his face, and said, "You will find out in a moment." He stepped back, the word was given, and the man lay there, a bullet through his brain, and another through his heart. I heard one man say to the crowd of slaves standing around—pointing to the hole in the slave's head—"You want your freedom, do you? Put your finger there! That is the kind of freedom we will give you, you black devil!" This I heard with my own ears.

I saw hundreds thus slaughtered in cold blood. Sharp was the last brought out to be put to death; and his end was worthy of his character. I had frequent opportunities to converse with him while he was in jail. When I saw so many put to death, I wrote a communication for one of the island newspapers, with the intention of directing the Governor's attention to the wholesale slaughter that was going on. It had the effect I intended. The Governor read it, and the next post brought down an order to the authorities, civil and military, that no further executions should take place for crimes committed during the insurrection, without his own warrant. Thus it happened that Samuel Sharp was detained in prison several weeks after he had been tried, and sentence of death pronounced upon him, and I had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. He was a man who had read the New Testament, and read the newspapers, and was in all respects a superior man. I asked him what it was that induced him to take part in this movement, since he had never suffered, as many had, under the lash. "Sir," said he, "in reading my Bible, I found the white man had no more right to make a slave of me than I had to make a slave of the white man (applause)—and I would rather go out, and die on that gallows, than live a slave" (loud applause). The young ladies of the family to which he belonged made him a very handsome suit of white clothes, and I saw him march to his death. I heard the remarks which he made when he stood on the platform under the gallows; and, sir, I could not but drop a tear to see a man like that put to death, whose only crime was that he made an effort to recover that liberty which is the right of every human being, and of which he, in common with his brethren, had been wrongfully and wickedly deprived.

The insurrection was put down, and the intention which Sharp entertained in connection with it was frustrated. His design was not to do violence to any person or property, but simply to act upon the principle of passive resistance. He argued in this way: "They will put to death some of us, if we sit down and refuse to work after Christmas, and we must be content to die for the benefit of the rest. I, for one, am ready to die, in order that the rest may be free (applause). They may put some of us to death, but they cannot hang and shoot us all; and if we are faithful one to another, we must obtain our freedom" (renewed applause.)

Samuel Sharp's plan was defeated, in this way: He had not calculated sufficiently upon the impulsive character of the men he undertook to lead in this movement—upon their not being accustomed to exercise self-restraint; consequently, when some of them broke into the store-houses of the estates, and became intoxicated, and then set fire to the buildings, that was regarded as a signal all over the country, and the works and mills were destroyed on two hundred or three hundred estates. Sharp said, "When this occurred, I saw the scheme was defeated. I knew that the whites would slaughter us without mercy, and our freedom be a long while put off."

But, sir, although the immediate design of Sharp was not accomplished, yet it was ultimately. This very insurrection was one of the events which hastened the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. I dare say my friend Mr. Garrison is sufficiently acquainted with the history of those times to remember that in the Committee appointed by the House of Lords to investigate the whole question of slavery, and also that in the Committee appointed by the House of Commons, the decision on the question of the immediate abolition of slavery turned upon this point, "Will it be safe to the planters that slavery be continued?" Two of my brother missionaries, who went home for the express purpose of appearing before these Committees, gave it as their opinion that it would not be safe; that these insurrectionary attempts would be repeated, and that the probability was, that if the British government did not bring slavery in the colonies to a peaceful determination, it would soon be quenched in blood, and the slaves would emancipate themselves. That conviction was forced upon the Committees of both Houses of Parliament; they reported accordingly, and the doom of slavery was sealed.

Sir, it was my privilege to be in Jamaica when slavery came to an end, and I rejoiced the more to be a witness of its extinction, because I had suffered in common with my brethren, in connection with it. We were sent out as the instructors of the slaves and free colored people. We built churches, assisted by the liberality of the British people, all over the island, where we could, and we were sustained by funds contributed by British benevolence, as instructors of the negroes. Well, sir, we were denounced by the planters, from the beginning of our efforts, as spies of the Anti-Slavery Society. They had sagacity enough to discover, at a very early period of our labors, that slavery and Christianity could not long coexist; that they were essentially antagonistic, and that the one must ultimately destroy the other. Determined to perpetuate slavery, they resolved to do all they could to get rid of Christianity, and keep their people in heathen darkness; and, consequently, throughout our history we were subjected to the most bitter persecution; and, sir, just after the insurrection to which I have referred, the whole white people of the island of Jamaica banded themselves together in an association which they called "The Colonial Union," the avowed object of which was to drive every instructor of the negroes from the island. Eighteen of our churches were levelled with the ground. They dragged the missionaries to prison, got false witnesses to swear against them, treated them with brutal violence, and did everything to put an end to our labors. But, as they were determined to drive us away, we were determined to remain, and remain we did (loud applause). Though our churches lay in ruins, and we could not gather a congregation, though our societies were scattered, and we were exposed to all the indignities which the anti-slavery advocates have to suffer now in the South, we stood our ground, and by and by we saw the result of all these things. We were much discouraged when these events took place. When we saw these violent men rampant and triumphant, when we saw our churches in ruins, and our congregations scattered hither and thither, and our mouths closed for nearly two years together, we were greatly discouraged, and we wondered what Divine Providence was working out through all these things. By and by we began to see what it was. By these means it was that that storm of indignation was raised among the British people that led to the abolition of slavery. They saw there was no chance even of evangelizing the negroes while slavery existed, and they rose in their might, and the British Government was obliged to yield; and slavery, with all its abominations, its chains and whips, its tortures and dungeons, was swept away, to be known no more in those colonies for ever (applause).

Sir, I was there when slavery was abolished. I saw the monster die. This day, twenty-four years ago, I stood up late at night, in one of the churches under my charge—a very large church—and the aisles were crowded, and the gallery stairs, and the communion place, and the pulpit stairs, were all crowded, and there were thousands of people round the building, at every open door and window, looking in. This was at ten o'clock at night, on the 31st of July. We thought that it was right and proper that our Christian people should receive their freedom as a boon from God, and in the house of prayer, and we gathered them together in the church for a midnight service. It was my privilege to stand up in that congregation, and "proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that were bound" (applause). Sir, our mouths had been closed about slavery up to that time. We could not quote, without endangering our lives, a passage that had reference even to spiritual emancipation. These planters found treason in the Bible and sedition in the spiritual hymns of Watts and Wesley, and we were obliged to be careful how we used them, and in what connection we used the word liberty; because they had a law—the law of "constructive treason," it was called—that doomed any man to death who made use of language tending to excite a desire for liberty among the slaves. You may imagine, then, with what feelings I saw myself emancipated from this thraldom, and free to "proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that were bound" (applause). I took for my text that night Leviticus 25: 10. By and by, the midnight hour approached. When it was within two or three minutes of the first of August—the day appointed for the liberation of the slaves, I requested all the people to kneel down, as befitting the solemnity of the hour, and engage in silent prayer to God. They did so; and, sir, I looked down upon them—the silence only broken by the sobs of emotion which it was impossible to repress. By and by the clock began to strike; it was the knell of Slavery!

It was the stroke which proclaimed liberty to eight hundred thousand human beings! And, sir, what a burst of joy rolled over that mass of people when the clock struck, and they felt they were slaves no longer! They remained on their knees a moment, and then I told them to rise. They did so; and, sir, it was really affecting to see, in one corner, a mother, with her little one, whom she had brought with her, because there was no one at home to take care of it, clasp her baby to her bosom; and there was an old white-headed man, embracing a daughter; and here, again, would be a husband congratulating his wife in a similar way; and something like confusion was apparent all over the building. However, we made allowance for these seeming improprieties, because of the occasion, and by and by all was still again, and then, sir, I gave out a hymn. I am glad to say I have it here. I cannot tell you, so well as you may imagine the feelings with which these people, just emerging into freedom, shouted—for they literally *shouted*—the hymn which I now read to you:

"Send the glad tidings over the sea—
His chains are broke, the slave is free;
Brittania's justice, wealth and might
Have gained the negro's long-lost right!
His chains are broke, the slave is free—
This is the Negro's jubilee!

"Hail! blessed and auspicious day!
Dear is thy first bright dawning ray,
Which comes, an angel from above,
Herald of freedom, joy and love:
Thy breezes whisper, 'Slave, be free!'—
Now is the Negro's jubilee!

"O Thou, whose favor long was sought,
What full deliverance hast thou wrought!
The captive's groan has pierced thine ear,
And thou hast wiped the falling tear.
The curse is past, the slave is free!
This is the Negro's jubilee!

"Our prayers shall now with praise combine,
For freedom poured on every clime;
For holy freedom, gracious Lord,
To join a world in sweet accord:
Then, freed from sin, from error free,
We'll keep a brighter jubilee!"

I hope the time will soon come, Mr. Chairman, when thousands of Christian ministers, with their congregations, throughout the length and breadth of the United States, will be able to sing that Jubilee Hymn! (Loud applause.)

But, sir, I find that I am trespassing on the time and patience of the audience [Cries of "No, no," and "Go on"], and therefore I will hasten to another subject, which I have found, since I have been in New England, is regarded by many persons as of great importance, namely, The Working of Emancipation in the British Colonies.

Sir, I have been told, since I have been here, that emancipation, it is understood, has been a failure. I am prepared to give this statement an unqualified contradiction. There is no sense whatever in which the emancipation of the slaves of the British colonies has proved a failure. Sir, emancipation has not proved a failure in this sense—the people are all free. It has not failed to break their chains and set them free. In that it is no failure, but a blessed reality. Then, sir, I am told that the people are worse off in freedom than they were in slavery, and in that sense emancipation has proved a failure. But, sir, it is not true; and I wonder, I have often wondered, how any man with common sense could for a moment entertain such an opinion. Sir, the people now, throughout the British colonies, have their own time at their disposal—their whole time. This was not the case in the days of slavery. The only time they had at their disposal then was one day in two weeks, to cultivate their provision grounds and procure the necessaries of life, and the Sabbath to go to market, and for religious worship, if they chose. That was all the time the people of Jamaica had at their own disposal under slavery. Their masters did not give them food or wages, but they gave them a piece of land—it might be some two or three acres, if they could cultivate them—sometimes four or five, even ten or fifteen miles away from the estate on which they resided; and they gave them one day in two weeks to raise provisions upon this piece of land—and that was all, except a little salt fish now and then, with which to season their provisions. Now, sir, the people have all their time; they can spend it to the best advantage, according to their own judgment, and according to their views of their own interest. Then, sir, the people now have the Sabbath. Formerly, it was impossible for them to keep holy the Sabbath day; they had to go to market on that day; and when their market was over, they would bring their baskets and trays to the places of worship, and deposit them there—having taken some opportunity to change their apparel—while they went into the sanctuary to worship God. That was all the Sabbath the negro had. The Sabbath market prevailed over the whole of the West Indies, and there was more business done on that day than on all the other days of the week. All this was brought to an end by emancipation. The negro can now spend the whole day with his family in the house of prayer and in the worship of God, according to the dictates of his conscience.

Then, sir, the negro is free from the liabilities of the lash. It is true, that, for some years before emancipation, the law limited the master's power of punishment to the infliction of thirty-nine lashes at one time; but the master had only to take care that none but slaves were witnesses, and he might inflict three hundred and ninety lashes instead of thirty-nine, without the slightest apprehension of punishment, because the testimony of a slave could not be received against his master, whatever he might do. Now, sir, the power of punishment was taken from the hands of the master, at the time of emancipation, and placed in the hands of the magistrate, responsible to the public and to the government for the manner in which he uses his authority.

Then, sir, families are no longer liable to be scattered; the child cannot be sold away from the parent, nor the wife from the husband, as used to be the case in the days of slavery. Although, for some years, this was prevented by the ameliorating measures introduced by the British government, before emancipation, yet in the times of ancient slavery the wife and child were sold and separated from each other, and from the husband and father, without the slightest feeling or compunction, just as now in the Southern States of this Union. All this has passed away.

Then, sir, the negroes have their own houses. Nearly all the black people in Jamaica are freeholders. They have their own pieces of land, and their own cottages erected upon the land, and there they dwell, under their own vine and fig-tree, no man daring to molest them or make them afraid.

Then they have the disposal of their children. They can send them to school, or take them to work in the field, at their pleasure.

All these beneficial changes have been wrought by emancipation; and yet we are told that emancipation has failed to improve the condition of the colored race Sir, it is one of the many falsehoods got up by the pro-slavery party to blind the eyes of the friends of humanity in this country, and promote the interests of slavery. It is a falsehood, and I denounce it as such. Throughout the British West Indies, in every island, the condition of the people is incomparably superior, in all respects, to what it was in slavery.

Then, I am told, if it has not ruined the laborer, it has ruined the planter. Sir, I deny that as plainly as I deny the other. I might maintain, with great propriety, that if many West India proprietors were ruined by emancipation, they only got what they deserved (laughter). I do not, however, take that position, but I say this: that it was not emancipation, but slavery, that ruined those who were ruined. They were ruined long before emancipation took place. I would recommend our friends who can do so to read Montgomery Martin's History of the British Colonies, published in 1851—a new edition of a former work. There it is shown, to a demonstration, that long before Buxton and Wilberforce lifted their voices in the British Senate to advocate the emancipation of the negroes, the colonists throughout the West Indies continually complained that they were ruined. And no wonder that they were ruined. There was a condition of things existing under slavery that must inevitably ruin any landholder under the sun. Just look, sir, at the condition of a West India estate under slavery. There were four or five hundred slaves. It is true, the master did not go to much expense in providing them with luxuries, or even with food, but he had to bestow upon them so many yards of cloth a year, and several other small articles: that was one item of expense. Then, to superintend the labor of these slaves, there must be four book-keepers, as they were called, one to superintend the still, another the boiling-house, another took care of the cattle on the estate, and another, if not two or three, superintended the people in the field. All these had to be fed and salaried. Then there was the overseer of the estate, with his harem, and he, too, living at considerable expense out of the estate, and at a high salary. Then, over all was the attorney, in the absence of the proprietor, who managed the affairs of the estate, disposed of the produce, and provided the cattle and other materials for working the estate. Well, he took his commission out of everything the estate produced, and occupied, at his pleasure, what was called "the great house," having his harem there. Then, sir, there was the proprietor, with his family, living in France or England, in princely style—and all this to be drawn out of the produce of one estate. I should like to know whether there is an estate throughout the length and breadth of this country that could sustain such a drain as this—whether there is any property that would not be brought to ruin, with so many living upon it and out of it.

It was that process that brought ruin upon many of the West India proprietors. And, sir, emancipation proved a boon to them. The compensation money enabled them to lessen the mortgages on their estates. By this expensive method of working the estates, and this expensive style of living, the merchants, who had also their commissions to take out of the estates, became mortgagees, by making large advances on the property; so that, when emancipation came, there was not one estate in fifty that was not mortgaged to the full extent of its value. Emancipation came, and, instead of being a curse, it proved a blessing to the proprietors. Suppose they had four hundred slaves; they would receive, on the average, not less than £20 pounds for each—about £8,000, or $40,000 for the whole. It is true the mortgagee took this compensation money; but then the estate was relieved to that extent, and many of the proprietors were going on with a fair prospect of working themselves clear of their difficulties. Then came another sweeping change. You remember the free trade policy adopted by the British Government during the ministry of Sir Robert Peel. Among those measures was one equalizing the sugar duty, and throwing the freed colonies of Britain into an unequal competition, or a competition for which they were not prepared, with Cuba and Brazil, where the produce was raised by slave labor. I do not find fault with that free trade policy; indeed, I do not express any opinion upon it at all, for I am not much of a politician; but this change came upon the colonies prematurely, before they were prepared for it, and the consequent reduction of the price of sugar to an extent which rendered it unremunerative forced some of the planters to an abandonment of their estates, which passed into the hands of the merchants. In Antigua, some of the best estates on the island are held by the merchants, who obtained them in that way. The English house of Shand have several, which came into their hands by the foreclosing of mortgages. It was in this way, not by emancipation, but by slavery and its concomitants, that the planters were ruined.

Now look at the West Indies as they are. In the island of Jamaica, we are told, there is a satisfactory state of things. I cannot speak of that island from personal knowledge, because I have not been there within the last ten years. But I can say that, before I left, no less than fifty thousand colored people had become freeholders, as the fruit of their own industry. Yet we are told these people will not work. How did they obtain these freeholds, then? Some of their houses are richly furnished, with mahogany bedsteads and sideboards. How did they get these, except as the result of their own toil?

I was in Jamaica when the railroad was built, extending some fourteen or fifteen miles from the city of Kingston. I was acquainted with the manager of the works. There were considerable engineering difficulties to be overcome. The road was built entirely by colored people and the manager of the works told me that he could not desire people to work better than they did; that he could obtain workmen to any extent, and why? Because, he says, on Saturday evening, when they have finished their work for the week, they have their wages. It was not so upon the estates, sir; and that is the reason why hundreds and thousands of the colored people of Jamaica have retired from work on the sugar plantations. I know that many hundreds of them were defrauded of their wages. One of those great planting attorneys, who had some fifty or sixty large estates under his care, made it his boast, in the presence of a friend of mine, after the act of emancipation came into force, that he made those estates pay well, because he cheated the people out of half their wages, by one method or another. That was the difficulty. After the people were emancipated, before they obtained land and houses of their own, they occupied the land and houses owned by the proprietors, which they had occupied when they were slaves, and the overseers made them pay their rent three or four times over. You must pay, they would say, so much in labor for the rent of your house; then the wife was required to pay an equal amount; and if there were two or three adult members of the family, each one was required to pay the rent of the cottage in labor; and thus they managed to get out of the people rent four times over in many cases, and in numberless instances, three times and twice. I happened to occupy a position which brought me much into contact with the laborers, and therefore I knew of the operation of this evil. The colored members of our churches contributed towards the maintenance of the churches, and towards the maintenance of the ministers; and very frequently the missionaries were told, when they could not give their usual contributions, that they could not obtain their wages; and upon one occasion, a poor man, whom I knew well, whom I had taught to read and write, who had promised five dollars for the erection of a school-house and church in the neighborhood in which he lived, came to me and told me he was very sorry he could not pay the money, because his employer had wronged him out of all he had earned for several months—and that employer was a man who had a salary of one thousand pounds in connection with an office which he held under government. The poor man had labored until his wages amounted to sixteen doubloons—over two hundred and fifty dollars, and then his employer took the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act, and never paid him or his fellow-laborers—there were two or three hundred of them—one cent of what they had earned by the labor of several months! Is it surprising, then, that the colored people should choose to cultivate their own two, three or five acres of land, and get what they could off that, and refuse to go to work upon a plantation when they were expected to do the work of freedom on the terms of slavery?

These, sir, are the evils which have wrought out those results which have seemed, for a time, to justify the statement that the people would not work in Jamaica. They are passing away. A recent number of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, published at New York, which was put into my hands a day or two ago, contains a long report from one of the leading anti-slavery men in this country—Mr. Charles Tappan—of a visit which he has been making to the West India Colonies within the last few months; and he says, in reference to Jamaica:

"The alleged want of labor is a false cry. To cultivate the whole area of land at present lying waste in all the colonies—except Barbadoes—would, indeed, absorb any number of laborers; but the evidence is overwhelming that no addition to their number is necessary to meet the demand for the estates that are actually under cultivation. Where labor is said to be deficient, it can be traced to causes within the planters' control to remove. Of these, insufficient wages, unpunctual payment of the same, or no payment at all, are stated to be the chief. Immigration on the present system is condemned as expensive and unsatisfactory, injurious to the people who are introduced, and to the native colonial population.

"The allegations of idleness and immorality, which have been propagated by *The Times*, are indignantly repudiated as gross calumnies, and the writers are challenged to produce the proof of their reckless statements. The Committee feel satisfied that all unbiased persons who read the annexed communications must come to the conclusion that the negro population of the West India colonies have been shamefully maligned, and that the demand for 'immigrant labor' proceeds from a desire to graft upon free labor a system of forced service, which is totally incompatible with the spirit of the Act of Emancipation."

So much for Jamaica. I cannot say much about its present condition; for I have not been there for ten years. But sir, I have been in Barbadoes, and there I am laboring at present, as a minister among the colored churches, and I can tell you the state of that island. Sir, that island, even in the most palmy days of slavery, was never in such a state of prosperity as it is now. This very year, although it has been an unfavorable year, the long drought lessening the crop of sugar, they have raised, with no greater amount of labor than in the time of slavery, more than double the amount of produce they ever raised under slavery. That is the result of this year's labor.

Now, let us look at the value of property in that island. If emancipation has ruined the proprietors or the work-people, if emancipation has proved a failure, how is it, sir, that on the island of Barbadoes you cannot get an acre of land for less than four or five hundred dollars in any part of the island? That is the truth, sir. I know of an estate in my own neighborhood, of not more than two or three hundred acres, which was transferred to other hands for £18,000—equal to nearly $90,000 of your money—and that paid in cash. Where is there a farm of the same extent in the United States that will bring a price equal to that? I wanted to buy a piece of land, within the last twelve months, to build a schoolhouse upon. It was nine or ten miles away from the town, and consequently not a building lot, and there was no circumstance associated with it to render it of extraordinary value. I was offered a piece—the eighth of an acre—for how much, do you think? *Four hundred dollars!* That was at the rate of $3,200 per acre for land in the country.

I occupy a mission station about nine miles out of Bridgeton. I have two acres of land, upon which stand the place of worship, the school-house, my place of residence, and the teachers' residence. I wanted to enlarge our boundaries, and there were two acres of land belonging to a small estate in the neighborhood, and separated from it by a road passing through. It joins my residence, and would be very convenient in all respects, except that half of it is very rocky; but the owner would not let me have it for less than one thousand dollars, and I could not make the purchase, because the price was so high. I have have known an estate of three or four hundred acres sold, within the last eight months, for £40,000. It is situated very near the city, and that is the reason why the price was so much higher than the other one to which I have referred. These facts speak volumes in regard to the "ruin" of the British planters by emancipation (applause).

I will tell you what sort of "ruin" has been brought upon those islands. You will please to understand that I did not furnish myself with facts before I came away; they come to me incidentally. I had no idea that I should have a word to say upon the anti-slavery question, or I would have come better prepared with statistics. I am building some schools for the children of our colored congregations; and I have been round begging money of the proprietors. Among the rest, I waited upon a Mr. Carrington, who owns two estates within sight of my sitting-room, and he gave me forty dollars towards my object; and, while there, I learned these facts: that last year he made on the two estates together, comprising between six and seven hundred acres, three hundred and three hogsheads of sugar. This year he resolved to make an effort to extend his cultivation, and enlarge the produce. He did so. He employed laborers to cover all the rocks with soil, digging mud out of the ditches and out of the pond, and covering up every yard of naked rock, and planting canes upon it. He built, instead of the old windmills, which had been in use from time immemorial, two steam engines, and put up on one estate a double row of coppers for the manufacture of the sugar. What is the result? He has raised seven hundred and fifty hogsheads from those two estates. Now, apart from the capital he expended in improvements, and in building, the molasses, the draining from the sugar, would go a long way towards paying the working expenses of these estates; and he would carry into the English market seven hundred and fifty hogsheads of sugar, and would sell them, I dare say, at not less than twenty pounds per hogshead, and would thus realize, from those two estates, more than sixty thousand dollars for the present year. That, sir, is the kind of ruin that emancipation has brought upon the West India islands.

So in Antigua. I lived three years in Antigua, before I went to Barbadoes, and a friend of mine there, a member of my own church, bought an estate, that was sold under a decree of Chancery, for £5,000. He has taken off three valuable crops, which have more than repaid the original purchase-money; and he has been offered £10,000 for the property, and refused it. That is the kind of "ruin" that has come upon the West India islands because of emancipation!

Then, sir, look at the moral condition of these islands. The moral condition of Barbadoes will compare favorably with that of any other civilized country. I believe the criminal statistics of Barbadoes, for the last five or six years, would compare with any country under heaven, without disadvantage. We seldom hear of anything like serious crimes. Then, sir, the vice of intemperance is not prevalent among the people. I have a membership of seventeen hundred colored persons, and during the last two years I have been there I have not had one single case of intemperance reported to me, in connection with our disciplinary proceedings.

Then look at our churches. Every Sabbath they are inconveniently crowded by people anxious to receive instruction. I know of no people in the world who will make such efforts and exercise such self-denial to obtain education for their children as the people in Barbadoes I will mention one little incident that occurred only a day or two before I left to come to this country. One of my own church members, a colored man, had just finished manufacturing his little portion of sugar, grown on a part of the half acre of land on which stood his house, and on which he raised the provisions for his family, and he brought me six dollars, and requested that I would receive the money in advance as school fees for his four children for the next twelve months. That, sir, is the only instance I ever heard of in my life of a man, in his condition, prepaying the education of his children for twelve months. He was resolved, whatever else suffered, his children should not suffer the loss of education; he has secured it for them for the next twelve months.

The people are willing to do all they can to raise themselves, and they do raise themselves. I have heard, since I have been here, that colored people in this country do not make efforts to raise themselves out of their degraded position. [A voice—"That is not true."] If it be true, I do not wonder at it. I do not see how any people can lift themselves up against the weight of prejudice and discouragement that seems to be cast upon them in this country. When I came into Boston, two or three weeks ago, I went into a hotel, and the very first thing that arrested my attention was this: A play-bill hung in the office of the hotel, on which I read, "*Colored people admitted to the gallery.*" That alone was sufficient to satisfy me that they are laboring under discouragements, difficulties and prejudices which must exercise a blighting influence upon them, and must necessarily keep them down. The colored people of the British colonies have outlived all this, to a great extent. Lord Mulgrave, when he came out as Governor, in 1832, took noble ground in this respect. The law which had placed the colored people of the colony on an equality with the whites had just come into operation. Formerly, in all those islands, as now in the South, a colored man could not sit in the jury-box [A voice—"He cannot in the Northern States"] nor on a coroner's jury; he was not allowed to exercise the elective franchise; he could not hold any office under government, either civil or military, and, up to within a short time, he could not inherit property, except within a very limited amount. Well, sir, a law was passed, and went into force, which did away with all their legal disabilities; still, they were subject to the same discouraging prejudices that I find existing here, to a great extent. A white man would have felt himself degraded by sitting down to table with a colored man. Lord Mulgrave determined to put his foot upon this evil, and he invited some of the most intelligent and respectable colored ladies and gentlemen—those whose wealth, intelligence and position in society entitled them to such a mark of distinction—to his parties (applause). He made it a point to dance with colored ladies himself, and he introduced colored gentlemen to Lady Mulgrave as partners, with whom she danced; and when some of the gentry gave the cold shoulder to these colored guests, he caused it to be intimated to them that if they expected invitations to the Government House, his guests must be treated by them with the same respect and courtesy he manifested towards them himself (loud cheers). That, sir, did more than anything else I know of to put an end to the reign of prejudice upon that island. Very soon, the colored people began to mingle upon equal terms with the whites; they met together in private parties; and soon the colored people, by the exercise of the elective franchise, acquired a considerable degree of political power; and now it would be the ruin of any public man in Jamaica to have it known or suspected that he cherishes any prejudice whatsoever against his fellow-men on account of color.

Sir, the colored people, removed from under the discouraging influences to which I have referred, show themselves able to cope with the white man under any circumstances. Take, for instance, the present head of the Jamaica Government—Edward Jordon, a colored man; his dark skin and his frizzly hair show him to be nearly allied to the African race on one side, as he is to the white race on the other. I remember the time when Edward Jordon—who had acquired all the learning he had from our mission schools—stood within the shadow of the gallows, and had a very narrow escape for his life—and for what? It was in the days of slavery, and he was a leader in the anti-slavery party. He had taken an active part in the agitation which ended in the removal of the legal disabilities of the free colored people, and then he stood up to agitate for the abolition of slavery, having started a semi-weekly newspaper called the Jamaica *Watchman*; and in the beginning of 1832, there was a pro-slavery man, who had been a leader in that party, who suddenly came over to the anti-slavery party, and took active measures to ameliorate the condition of the colored people, and prepare the way for the abolition of slavery. Well, sir, in the newspaper controversy to which this gave rise, Mr. Jordon wrote the following sentence: "We are glad to see Mr. Beaumont coming over to the right side, and we shall be glad, with him and all the friends of humanity, to give a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together, and bring down the system by the run, knock off the fetters, and let the oppressed go free." That was the sentence. The following week, as he sat in the Supreme Court, reporting for his paper, to his utter astonishment he heard his own name proclaimed by the clerk, under indictment for a capital felony—"constructive treason." He had never heard a whisper of it before, but he was taken from his seat, placed in the felon's dock, and arraigned upon that capital charge; and it was with the utmost difficulty that his counsel, Mr. Watkis, also a colored man, succeeded in getting his trial postponed for two days, to prepare his defence. The prosecution failed, because they could not prove the publication of the paper; but there was a regular plot against the life of Mr. Jordon, to which the Governor, Lord Belmore (to his shame be it said), was a party, he having agreed, if Mr. Jordon was convicted, to sign the warrant for his execution. He was removed shortly after for incompetency, and then came in the noble Lord Mulgrave, now Marquis of Normanby, to whom I have referred.

But this effort to destroy Mr. Jordon only placed him upon an eminence. The colored people rallied around him. They had the control of the elections in Kingston; and at the next ballot they elected him as the representative of the commercial capital of Jamaica, which position he occupied for twenty years. About the time I left the West Indies, he was called into the upper branch of the Legislature, the Council, and now Mr. Jordan is Prime Minister of Jamaica, the head of the C

for the emancipation of those in bondage in the islands of the sea, so many years ago! Blessings on the memories of Granville Sharpe, and Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and Zachary Macaulay, and Fowell Buxton, and all the noble dead, both men and women, who labored to bring about this grand and sublime result! Blessings on the living men and women, in Great Britain, who also aided to break the fetters of the West India slaves, and caused liberty to be proclaimed throughout all those beautiful isles! Blessings in particular, let me say, upon the head of our beloved friend and tried coadjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON (loud applause), who, having been for a time out of sight —never out of our memory—has just returned home to London, we are told, from his sojourn in the East Indies, broken down in health, having narrowly escaped with his life on the voyage. Many were the laborers in the anti-slavery field in Great Britain, but not one went forth more devoted than himself; and of all the champions who took the platform in behalf of freedom, no man ever so moved the hearts of the people, no man ever spoke with such peerless eloquence, as did our noble, beloved and honored friend, GEORGE THOMPSON (applause). I would to God he were here in bodily presence, that he might have followed our respected friend, who has spoken so directly to our hearts and understanding. I know he is with us in spirit, for he never forgets America, nor his old anti-slavery associates; and by them he is never, and can never be, forgotten. Oh, that he may have his health speedily restored to him! Oh, that he may be permitted once more to visit America! We shall give him a warmer reception than he ever received before. In your behalf, in behalf of the friends of freedom everywhere, I may promise him an enthusiastic welcome, and the heartiest coöperation.

One incident occurred, yesterday, that was very pleasing to me. I happened to take up a volume of British anti-slavery documents, and, on looking over its pages, I came across one of those memorable speeches which our friend Thompson delivered in 1831 and '32. It was almost at the commencement of his anti-slavery championship. He was selected by the friends of emancipation as their advocate, to lecture throughout the whole kingdom. The West India planters also chose their champion, one Peter Borthwick—a man of great rhetorical ability, of cool audacity, unscrupulous to the last degree, and who could easily "make the worse appear the better reason." He was, undoubtedly, the ablest opponent who could be selected to confront Mr. Thompson and mislead the British mind on the subject of West India slavery; but, after a few disastrous encounters, he found it convenient to be elsewhere; so that, instead of his keeping on the track of Mr. Thompson, our friend was active on the trail of Mr. Borthwick, following him closely until he drove him out of the field (applause). In the speech referred to, I found the name of our respected friend Mr. Bleby. I will tell you how it came there. Mr. Borthwick had met Mr. Thompson in a place where the Methodists were predominant, and, anxious to propitiate them on the occasion, he coolly asserted that the planters had no antipathy to the Methodists, and that it was only the Baptists who had been blameworthy in the colonies. In the course of his masterly rejoinder, Mr. Thompson took up this mendacious assertion, and said:

"The Baptists were *alone* to blame! Ah! I well recollect his sneer when he named the Baptists: but here I have him fixed, without the chance of escaping. The planters love the Methodists! Do they indeed? Then why did they pull down their chapel at Barbadoes? The planters love the Methodists: then why did they imprison Mr. Shrewsbury? The planters love the Methodists: then why did they persecute Mr. Whitehouse? The planters love the Methodists: then why did a mob of magistrates, clergymen and planters pull down the Methodist chapels in Kingston? The planters love the Methodists: then why did they imprison Mr. Box? The planters love the Methodists: then *why tar and feather Mr. Bleby?*"

And here, sir, twenty-six years after the delivery of that speech, is Mr. Bleby to answer for himself why he was subjected to that brutal treatment! (Loud applause.)

Mr. President, I have felt the most thrilling emotions while listening to the testimony of our martyr-friend. I have been with him in his days of darkness and fiery trial; I am with him in this day of his rejoicing. God bless him! and may his mission here be crowned with entire success! As a feeble expression of my feelings, and doubtless of your own, I propose for adoption the following resolution:

Resolved, That we have listened to the interesting, thrilling and graphic narration of Rev. Mr. Bleby, missionary from Barbadoes, in regard to the state of things in the British West India Islands while slavery existed, and to the operations of the great act of immediate and unconditional emancipation up to the present time, with feelings of inexpressible delight and heartfelt satisfaction; that, as a sufferer in the cause of the oppressed, yet unflinching at his post in the midst of the most deadly perils, and as the constant and unwavering friend and advocate of the colored population in the colonies, both while held as slaves and since their liberation, we proffer him our high esteem and warmest admiration; that we regard his arrival in the United States as singularly opportune, and exceedingly important in its bearings upon the anti-slavery cause on our soil, by the clear, intelligent, unimpeachable and triumphant testimony which he gives respecting the cheering results of West India emancipation; that we trust that he will be able to travel far and wide in our land, before his return, as a witness in the cause of God and humanity, refuting, from his own knowledge and experience, the malignant aspersions of the enemies of freedom, respecting the condition of affairs in the British colonies, and vindicating the character of the emancipated as worthy of all praise; and we cordially commend him to the sympathy, hospitality and aid of the friends of impartial liberty wherever he may sojourn, for the furtherance of the special object of his mission.

The resolution was adopted by acclamation.

ENGLISH VIEW OF AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

From The London Daily News, July 20.

GENERAL notices of the last American mails tell us that there is no particular news. Yet we have rarely known so interesting a set of newspapers and political letters from that quarter as those which arrived last week. They exhibit the rebound of the conversations in Parliament and the discussions in our newspapers on the events in the Gulf. We suspect the surprise in America at the way in which the matter was conducted and ended here will be rivalled by the surprise in England at the way in which the news was received in the United States. The whole vocabulary of amazement, vexation, perplexity and indignation seems to be exhausted by the various parties in the Great Republic who were expected to unite in a shout of triumph and delight. We heard something at first of hurrahs and saucy speeches among a few political leaders: the materials before us, however, exhibit nothing of the sort, but, on the other hand, every conceivable form of dissatisfaction. We direct attention to this, not because we see any necessity, or feel any inclination to spy into the uneasy moods of our neighbors, caused by incidents which are gone by, but because in the diversified forms of the uneasiness generated by one affair we see more hope than we have ever seen before of obtaining our object. Any thinking man, experienced in political affairs, who would take the trouble to read what is said by all parties in the United States about the reported collisions in the Cuban waters and their consequences in the respective Cabinets and Parliaments would, we think, declare that there is more prospect at this moment of the retrieval of the American flag, and of the release of the Federal Government from the dishonor of slavery, than there has been from the day when that institution began obviously to imperil the Union.

The Federal Government finds itself charged with the duty of protecting and vindicating the national flag; and in its annoyance at having so embarrassing a function devolved upon it, without aid, while bound by treaty and by the Constitution of the Republic to fulfil it thoroughly, it is almost inclined to complain of England for leaving it to deal with the difficulty alone. The United States, in the early years of the present century, by statute law declared the slave trade piracy; and every successive administration is, and has held itself, bound to control that piracy by constant vigilance and the strong hand. The present Executive advised and invited us to station our cruisers in the Cuban waters. We did so. The American Executive complained of our doing the work for which we were there; and we have desisted from it. The Executive complained of our presence in the midst of the American merchant vessels; and we have withdrawn from the Cuban waters, and returned to our African stations. It would be too absurd to complain that, by complying thus far, we have left the American Executive to deal alone with her special embarrassment: but there is a good deal of murmuring which means this, though fear of ridicule prevents its articulate expression. The journals which represent leading parties and leading statesmen are all asking what the President and General Cass mean to do, and how they propose to do it. "Hundreds of cargoes of human flesh pass in every year under the shelter of our flag," they assert. Now that the British decline to search, the American authorities must do so. It is no easy task for any American government at any time; and never was it so difficult as now, when the nation at large is declaring that the best possible assistance has been driven away in the rudest and most mischievous manner, to serve paltry purposes of political intrigue. Thus, behind the fireworks of triumph, and the illuminations of vanity, we see the Cabinet sitting, grave and mortified, to consider the means of suppressing the slave trade in the American ports and on the high seas, where the national honor is pledged to extinguish it.

Everywhere else throughout the Republic, "the news from Washington, *vid* London," seems to have caused more depression than excitement. The great puzzle is what to think of *The Times* newspaper—not how to feel about its recent virtual advocacy of the slave trade; for that is obviously regarded with contempt in one section of the Union as much as in the other. But what to think of it? Some ask whether *The Times* is really a popular organ, and whether we, the people of England, have really changed our minds about the slave trade being "the sum of all villanies." The division on Mr. Hunt's motion, "*that it is expedient to discontinue the practice of authorizing Her Majesty's ships to visit and search vessels under foreign flags, with a view of suppressing the traffic in slaves,*" by which that motion was rejected, 223 to 24, will answer that question for those who need an answer; but we observe that the previous loss of character by *The Times* operates well in this last case. In the midst of a hubbub of amazements and regrets at such a new sort of morality coming from England, we find admonitions and reminders that *The Times* is not, and never was, the voice of the English nation; and that the fluctuations, levities, ill-humors, self-contradictions, and false prognostications put forth by the great journal within this very year, show that it is no organ at all, and therefore not accountable in regard to doctrine till it has passed through its present critical stage (whatever that may be caused by), and become once more the mouthpiece of some authority or other.

In America it is pretty clear that a deep sensation of shame has been spreading from mind to mind, from party to party, and from State to State, about the recent bluster, and yet more at the carelessness and levity on which it was based. The friends of the demagogues are trying to joke it off; but they are checked in the attempt. They are called firebrands, and are held up as warnings to constituencies. The Northern newspaper press produces more and more evidence, derived from the seafaring population, that England has never abused the Right of Visit, and that but for her the seas would swarm with pirates. Then follow remarks on the duties of great maritime nations in time of peace—questions what better can be done with a navy like that of England than guarding rising industry and commerce on coasts like that of Africa, and suppressing the marauders who would destroy the growing civilization. Scouring the anchor may be good in its way, we are told; and maritime survey is a noble exercise; but these done, there is still left a surplus of power, leisure and means. Why not employ them against the piracy which is the chief plague of the world? Any power, in either hemispere, say these Americans, which can make a difficulty of such an employment of such means must have some bad reason for its opposition; and the constituents of that power ought to look to it, and find out what the reason is.

Such has been the reception in the United States of the eagerly expected news from England. We might quote a good deal more; but, on the one hand, there is still some bluster like that which we were entertained with six weeks ago; and on the other, there is some exceedingly plain speaking about the balance of credit and disgrace that we would rather leave it to work its effect at home than hold it up to public view in England. On the whole, our readers will think that the method and tone of comment are highly creditable to the writers, public and private; and that we may fairly join them in being "well pleased at a fresh departure." "The chances are always better," they say. It rests with them to make them so; and there will be no failure of sympathy on our side.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

LAST week was one memorable in the history of mankind. It was marked by a conquest worthy of the rejoicings which filled the air from one frontier to the other of the country, and from the coast of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. It was a conquest stained with no blood and poisoned by no tears; a conquest over the Powers of Nature, who holds her powers only to be thus wrested from her by the skill of man; a conquest that more powerfully impresses the imagination than any of those by which Civilization has made the winds of heaven her handmaids and compelled the subtle spirit of steam to be her willing slave. It is a victory of peace, far more renowned than any of those of war, and of vastly more beneficent and farther-reaching issues—and all of them issues of life. The thread of communication has been spun, like the threefold cord of the Destinies, with a power and wisdom far excelling that of common life. It has been informed with intellect and magnetized with science. The success which has crowned the attempt is worthy of the sublime audacity which first conceived it. The idea of bridging the bed of the Ocean-stream with a magic cord, along which the thoughts of man will travel with the speed and on the wings of lightning, seems to belong rather to the romance of the Arabian religion, which tells of the silver thread on which the spirits of the departed pass over the Abyss to Paradise, than to this matter-of-fact world of politics and of merchandizing. This cord is indeed the ligament which binds together the sister Continents with a tie like that which unites the Siamese Twins—which will make the twain one by an instantaneous interchange of thought, ideas, feelings.

The whole history of this great enterprise has been one that appeals with singular power to the imagination, and makes one feel that the miracles of science are indeed more marvellous than any of the creations of the fancy

> "That ever yet were told in tale or song,
> By old or modern bard, in hall or bower."

First, the exploring ship feeling its way over the ocean and discovering that there extends a grand *plateau*, or table-land, the long level of the summits of a mighty range of submarine mountains, stretching along the nearest way between the two hemispheres, prepared as it were by the Creative hand itself for these very uses, and patiently biding its time from the beginning unto this day. Then the spinning of the magic thread which was to unite the two halves of the world, like the two lobes of a single brain, and give them an absolute identity of thought and knowledge, whenever its wondrous strands should receive the electric stimulus. And then the various devices for transporting the gigantic coil from the workshops where it was created and depositing it on the everlasting bed of the ocean. The various failures and the final success all concur in weaving a tale of reality beyond the wildest dreams of romance. It was well done to announce the triumph of such an enterprise by the mouth of the cannon and fling it abroad upon the air by vocal peals of bells, and to turn the night into day by the blaze of festal illuminations. For it is the inauguration, we may hope, of a new era in the intercourse of mankind, which will be full of blessing to all regions and nations of the earth. Politics and trade will be helped, though they may be revolutionized by this electric flashing of thought from one world to the other; but peace and civilization, of which commerce is the handmaid, and politics should be the guardian and the promoter, will receive a yet stronger impulse and a more enduring strength.

The progress of Civilization has always been in proportion to the facilities of intercourse between nations and their readiness to make use of them. Savages regard every stranger as an enemy. The Greeks called every dweller on every portion of the globe, excepting the little spot they themselves lived on, barbarians, and they considered it according to sound morality and humanity to make slaves of the most polished inhabitants of the foreign nations with which they had wars. But just as far as Ancient Civilization extended, it was just where the means of intercommunication had enabled intelligence and letters to pass from the elder portions of the race to the younger. So in modern times, the spread of intelligence and the growth of improvement, which make up its distinctive civilization, have been owing to the greater ease of reaching distant nations and the impulse given to ideas by this intercourse and the commerce stimulated by it. When Watt bound steam with iron chains and made it the obedient drudge of man on land, and when Fulton taught how it could be made to work equal wonders on the waves, they did more for the peace and prosperity of the world than all the Holy Alliances and Treaties, whether Triparte or Quadruple, or by whatever numerals designated, that kings and kaisers ever struck with each other. The great and glorious idea that what is for the good of one nation is also for the blessing of every other, and that man cannot suffer wrong or want anywhere without a sympathetic injury being done to the race everywhere, has been made to dawn more and more clearly on the darkling minds of men, as they have thus been made to know more and more of one another, and of their common and mutual wants. It was a noble symbol which was exhibited, albeit all unconsciously on both sides, when the ships of war of two great Powers unshipped their armaments that they might proceed upon their glorious errand the more deftly. We accept it as an augury of times when the nations of the earth will make all their navies messengers of peace and good-will, instead of death and destruction, to each other.

We believe that the constantly increasing intercourse between the different parts of the world, the facilities of which have been so astonishingly multiplied within the last half century, and of which the Atlantic Telegraph is the latest and the most amazing, is to be the human means which is to remove the worst of the ills under which the human race now groans. The tyranny of the old world cannot endure the searching light of truth and the scrutinising eyes of foreign observers forever fixed on what is occurring and always telling what they have seen. Darkness is an essential element of tyranny; and as the light dispels the darkness, the ill things that dwell therein are forced to betake themselves to flight. Despotisms and Superstitions, like the robbers which infest and the spectres which haunt the midnight hours, must flee away before the wholesome rays of the morning sun. Even now, bad as the European tyrannies are, they are less frightful than they were a hundred years ago. The villanies perpetrated by the French Usurper, monstrous and many as they are, are less and fewer than were committed under Louis XV., a century ago. There is more freedom of thought in Rome, more freedom of action in Austria now than under Clement XII. and under Maria Theresa. These changes have been solely owing to the greater intelligence which now is spread over so much wider classes in those countries than then, and this is to be traced largely to the far greater intercommunication between different countries than then existed. Spies are now everywhere, and spies that cannot be summarily dealt with; and what the spies see is speedily spread abroad on the wings of the wind and by the might of the press. The dungeons of Paris, of Naples, of Rome and of Austria were fuller of victims a century ago than now, but there was no *Times* to thunder their wrongs in the ears of the world, and there was no generation educated to feel and resent them.

The disturbing forces which we see to be at work changing the relations of men to each other in the old world are not inert in the new. The example of our Revolution, and the promulgation of the fundamental principles of human rights on which it rested, was a main occasion of the change in men's ideas from which the incipient revolutions of Europe have begun their course. It is no more than right that a returning stream of electricity should be sent back from Europe to America to disperse the abuses which she has suffered to overshadow the brightness of her promise. We see that the Southern cites have joined in the general gratulation which has hailed the Telegraphic success. If they really hold to the doctrine that negro slavery is the main element of their social happiness and civil order, they rejoiced not well over this new link between the two worlds. It is a new medium for the letting in of light upon the darkness in which they love to dwell—a fresh channel through which the current of the public sentiment of the civilized world can be poured into the gloom of ignorance, which is the only atmosphere where Slavery can breathe. The European world is compelled to take notice of our disgrace, as a hindrance to their own deliverance. It makes part and parcel of their own conflict, and, as such, the iron of the chains of our slaves enters into the souls of the European lovers of liberty. The thunder-cloud of European detestation of chattel slavery is gathering fast and thick. It has drawn to itself the pestilential vapors which so long hung over the British West Indies; it is even now clearing the snows of Russia from the gloom which gives an added horror to their desolation; who knows but that this electric chain may be the blessed conductor which will direct the irresistible might of its beneficent destruction on the disgrace and ruin which overshadow our own land?

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN the House of Lords, July 26th, Lord Lyndhurst called upon the Secretary of Foreign Affairs (the Earl of Malmesbury) to furnish the House with more definite information as to the state of the pending correspondence with the U. S. government in respect to the means of suppressing the slave trade. Lord Lyndhurst, in his remarks, took the ground that, according to the international code, there was no such thing as a right on the part of the British government to visit American ships in time of peace. Having illustrated and fortified this doctrine by reference to the highest authorities, he said:

"The next question which arises is this—How are those difficulties to be met which arise out of frauds practised on the high seas? It may be said that the flag of America may be assumed by another Power to cover the basest of purposes. But how can that affect the right? How can the conduct of a third power affect any right existing on the part of the United States? By our treaty with Spain we have, no doubt, the right to visit and search Spanish vessels with the view to the suppression of the slave trade. But how can the trade between Spain and us affect the rights of America? Why, common reason is decisive on the subject. Well, but what other course can we take? I say that the course is quite clear and plain. If one of our cruisers see a vessel with the American flag, and has reason to believe it is assumed, he must examine and inquire into the facts as well as he can. If he ascertains, to the best of his judgment, that the vessel has no right to use the American flag, he may certainly visit and examine her papers; and if he find his suspicions correct, he may deal with the vessel in a manner justified by the particular relation existing between England and that country to which the vessel belongs. America, in such a case, would have no right to interfere. The matter would simply be one between an English cruiser and the particular vessel seized. But, on the other hand, if it should turn out that the vessel, after all, was an American one, that was perfectly justified in using the flag suspected, our situation is this, that we should immediately apologize for the act that was committed, and make the most ample reparation for the injury we had committed (hear, hear)."

Lord Lyndhurst concluded by asking the Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether he was prepared to lay on the table of the House the correspondence with the American government in respect to the right of visitation.

The Earl of Malmesbury, in responding, said:

"It is with great pleasure that we have heard the views of my noble and learned friend on this important subject, because they conform precisely to the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, whom we thought it our duty to consult before we sent any address in answer to the communications we received from the American government. When we received Gen. Cass's communication, which was addressed to her Majesty's government, we immediately consulted the law officers of the Crown, and they unanimously asserted that the international law in reference to this question was precisely as it has been described by my noble and learned friend. Upon that opinion her Majesty's government at once acted, and we frankly confessed that we had no legal claim to the right of visit and of search which has hitherto been assumed (hear, hear). Her Majesty's government have therefore abandoned both these claims, but at the same time they placed before the American government the paramount necessity of agreeing upon the adoption of some instructions to be placed in the hands of the officers of both governments, and indeed the officers of all maritime nations, by which all powers should be ruled, and their officers should henceforward act in a manner less obstructive of commerce generally, but, at the same time, calculated to prevent the fraudulent use of the flags of foreign States; at all events, such instructions as would have the effect of saving us from those quarrels arising out of the assertion of an assumed right (hear, hear). Having given up, as I have said, the right of visit and of search, the American government on their part have received our communications with equal frankness, and have stated to her Majesty's government they are ready to listen to and to consider any suggestions we may make to them with the view to the verification of the international flags (hear, hear). We have, my lords, gone further than that, for we have made the same suggestions and offer to the government of France. That government has answered us in the same spirit, and in a manner which showed that they entirely appreciated the great importance of the question (hear). My lords, the government of France have agreed to consider any proposition we shall make on the subject, and to suggest upon their part any proposition which they may consider to be useful or conducive to the ends we have all in view (hear, hear). Under these circumstances there cannot, I think, be any doubt, although all agree that the dignity of this nation was more or less compromised by this right of visit and of search; nevertheless, considering the enormous dimensions that commerce generally has assumed throughout the world at the present time —seeing as I do the sea covered with the ships of all nations —I say, my lords, I do not think there can be any doubt of the necessity of establishing some sort of security against the fraudulent use of the national flag (hear, hear). Further than this our negotiations have not proceeded. Although it is most unusual, in the midst of negotiations, to produce any of the correspondence on the subject, nevertheless her Majesty's government have no objection whatever to place in your lordships' hands the correspondence that has taken place as far as it goes (hear, hear). Your lordships will understand that we have gone no farther than this—that we have abandoned the right of search and visit; and that the American government have agreed to entertain and to consider any suggestion we may make to give security against the fraudulent use of the flag of either nation; and that the French government are ready and anxious to assist us in our endeavors to attain the same object (hear, hear)."

The Earl of Aberdeen asserted that the claim of a right of search or visitation, which it was said had just now been abandoned by advice of the law officers of the Crown, had actually been surrendered in 1842, or 1843, when he himself was at the head of the government; and in proof of this he read the following passage from one of his own letters to Mr. Webster, then U. S. Secretary of State:

"The undersigned renounces all pretension on the part of the British government to visit and to seach American vessels in time of peace; nor has it been the practice to visit any such vessels. But it is the invariable practice of the British navy to ascertain by visit the real nationality of merchant vessels on the high seas, if they have good reason to apprehend their illegal character. Now, in ascertaining these facts, the vessels referred to are visited, not as American, but as British vessels engaged in unlawful practices, and carrying the American flag; or the vessels of other States which have entered into contracts with Great Britain, admitting the right of search, but which such vessels intended to defeat by raising another flag; or such vessels as piratical outlaws, who possessed no right to any flag whatever."

The right of search having thus been repudiated nearly twenty years ago, Lord Aberdeen was at a loss to discover what new concession had been made in the recent correspondence. The Earl of Malmesbury thus responded:

"The noble Earl omitted one very important point, which has been extremely prominently put forward in the whole of our discussions with the government of the United States. The noble Earl assumed that the law was such as that laid down by my noble friend behind me; but he has not said that the American government went further than that, and contended that they alone had a right to maintain their own police, and whatever idea we had, if the American flag were flying on board of a vessel, we had no right to visit or to search her. They have consistently maintained that they would carry out their own police, and would be meddled with by no other country whatever. The only difficulty seems to be the discretion which the officers should exercise. I am quite willing to admit that they were acting under their orders [the orders adopted in 1842–3], but one thing seems clear —that when her Majesty's government entered office there appeared to be very much increased activity among our cruisers. The accounts given by the American government have, no doubt, been immensely exaggerated, and I can state, in vindication of the British officers, that, after a careful examination, I have not found, in any instance, that they have been guilty of any incivility to the officers of the vessels they boarded. In the case of one vessel the discretion which was given them by the instructions of the noble Earl opposite certainly went to the extent of searching the vessel, and they had no reason to suppose that they were acting improperly in so doing. My noble friend opposite has asked me whether I have altered those instructions. My reply is, I have not; they remain precisely as they were (hear, hear, and cheers from the opposition). Those instructions, perhaps, might be improved in such a manner as not to expose officers so much as they do to the risk of making mistakes. Looking at the question in an international point of view, we have, without altering the instructions, suspended them until the negotiation proceeds further, and have issued orders to cruisers on that coast to respect the American flag under any circumstances. America, on her part, placed a considerable number of cruisers in those waters, and promised to use all possible endeavors to prevent her flag being used for the purposed of the slave trade (cheers)."

We have but little faith in the disposition of our government to accede to *any* plan which Great Britain may propose to prevent the prosecution of the slave trade under the American flag. We expect to see that flag employed by slave traders in time to come with greater impunity than heretofore, and that the Executive, while *pretending* to regret such a prostitution, will not do anything effectual to prevent it. A nation which holds four millions of slaves cannot reasonably be expected to make any serious opposition to a foreign traffic in slaves by other nations, in which many of its own citizens are profitably engaged.

TELEGRAPHIC UNION BETWEEN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

ON Thursday, August 5th, the people of this city were startled by the appearance in the public journals of the following telegraphic despatch:

TRINITY BAY, N. F., August 5, 1858.

To the Associated Press of New York.

The Atlantic Telegraph fleet sailed from Queenstown on Saturday, July 17th. They met mid-ocean on Wednesday, the 28th, and made the splice at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, the 29th. They then separated, the Agamemnon and Valorous bound to Valentia, and the Niagara and Gorgon for this place, where they arrived yesterday. This morning the end of the cable will be landed.

It is sixteen hundred and ninety-eight statute or nineteen hundred and fifty nautical miles from the Telegraph House at the head of Valencia Harbor to the Telegraph House, Bay of Bulls, Trinity Bay. For more than two-thirds the distance, the water is over two miles in depth.

The cable has been paid out from the Agamemnon at about the same speed as from the Niagara. The electrical signals sent and received through the whole cable are perfect.

The machinery for paying out the cable worked in the most satisfactory manner, and was not stopped for a single moment from the time the splice was made until we arrived here. Capt. HUDSON, Messrs. Everett and Woodhouse, the engineers, the electricians and officers of the ships, and in fact every man on board the telegraph fleet, has exerted himself to the utmost to make the expedition successful. By the blessing of Divine Providence it has succeeded.

After the end of the cable is landed and connected with the land line of telegraph, and the Niagara has discharged some cargo belonging to the Telegraph Company, she will go to St. Johns for coals, and then proceed direct to New York. CYRUS W. FIELD.

This news was so contradictory to the almost if not quite universal expectation, that, in spite of everybody's earnest desire that it should prove true, there was a pretty general fear that it was a hoax; and this fear was strengthened by the somewhat suspicious fact that the telegraph between Trinity Bay and Halifax ceased to work immediately after the reception of the above despatch. Mr. Field's despatch, moreover, was not, in all respects, as definite as it should have been, as it only *implied*, but did not unequivocally assert, that the Agamemnon had landed the eastern end of the cable; hence, it was feared that, even if the despatch were true, the enterprise might still prove a failure by the breaking of the cable before the Agamemnon should reach the Irish coast. On the whole, however, the hopes of the people prevailed over their fears, and there were many manifestations of public rejoicing.

On Saturday all doubt was ended by the reception of the following despatch:

To the Associated Press of New York.

TRINITY BAY, Saturday, Aug. 7.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable was successfully landed here yesterday morning, and is in perfect order.

The Agamemnon has landed her end of the cable, and we are now receiving signals from the Telegraph House at Valentia.

The United States steamer Niagara and her Majesty's steamers Gorgon and Porcupine leave for St. Johns to-morrow.

Due notice will be given when the Atlantic Telegraph Line will be open for public business.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

On Sunday came the following:

TRINITY BAY, Sunday, Aug. 8.

To the Associated Press, New York.

Pray excuse what you may have thought neglect on my part in not giving more particulars about the laying of the cable, but I have hardly had time to eat, drink or sleep.

Mr. McKAY, the Superintendent of the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Line, has been working day and night to get everything ready. The people here seem to have had little faith in the cable's arriving, and had made very slight preparation for receiving it.

The end of the Atlantic cable was landed on the Irish shore from the Niagara on the 5th of August, 1857, and the other end from the same vessel on the 5th of August, 1858. The heavy shore end laid from Valentia by the Niagara, last year, still remains, and was to be spliced on to the main cable, so that both ends of the cable have been actually laid by the Niagara.

The Telegraph Fleet sailed from Plymouth on the experimental trip on the 29th of May.

The cable was broken at the stern of the Agamemnon on the first attempt to lay it, on the 29th of June, and the splice in mid-ocean, on the last and successful attempt, was made on the 29th of July. CYRUS W. FIELD.

While we write, the work of adjusting the cable, at both ends, to the machinery necessary for recording messages is going forward as rapidly as possible. As soon as that work is completed, the Queen of Great Britain will send a message to the President of the United States, to which the latter will at once reply; and then the line will be open to the use of the public. These messages may be received, perhaps, before we go to press.

HISTORY OF THE ENTERPRISE.

The following brief history of this great enterprise we copy from the *Boston Journal*.

In the year 1856, Cyrus W. Field visited England. The result of his visit was the formation of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, with a capital of £350,000, for the purpose of connecting Europe with America by a submarine telegraph cable. In August, 1857, an attempt was made to lay down the Atlantic Submarine Cable, resulting in a disastrous failure. The cable was 2,500 miles in length, weighing nearly one ton per mile, capable of bearing a direct strain of over five tuns without fracture. The centre of the cable was formed by seven fine copper wires, twisted into a cord 1-16 of an inch thick. This strand was coated with gutta percha, forming a small rope of 3-8 of an inch thick; then coated with hempen twine twice soaked in pitch and tar; lastly, an external sheathing of 18 iron wires, each wire being a strand of seven finer wires, making in all 126 wires.

The submersion was commenced on the 5th of August, 1857. There were present the six steamers, Niagara, Agamemnon, Leopold, Susquehanna, Willing and Mind, intended to assist in various parts of the operation. The cable came up from the hold of the ship, around a central block, so to the open space above decks; it was there wound round grooved sheaths, geared together by cogs, and firmly planted on girders. Thence it passed over a fifth sheath, out over the stern into the sea, sinking by its own weight. A trifling accident happened on the 6th; this was repaired; and on the 11th, 380 miles (statute) had been submerged. The engineer here concluded that there was too much "slack" in the cable's course, and some modification in the machinery was consequently made. This appears to have been badly attended to by a subordinate. The cable snapped, and thus ended the attempt of 1857.

It having been concluded from Lieut. Maury's calculations that the average state of the weather was much better on the Atlantic in the early part of summer, it was decided this year to attempt laying the cable in June. It was also thought best to begin the submersion in mid-ocean and pay out toward either shore. Accordingly the telegraph fleet, consisting of the United States steam frigate Niagara and her Majesty's steamers Agamemnon, Valorous and Gorgon, left Plymouth on Thursday, June 10, 1858. The Niagara had 850 tons, and the Agamemnon 450 tons coal, and each about 1,000 nautical or a little less than 1,500 statute miles of cable on board. The weather, at first favorable, became unusually boisterous, so that the fleet were not ready to commence operations until late on the 25th of June.

The first splice was made between the Niagara and Agamemnon on the morning of Saturday, the 26th of June; and after each ship had payed out about three miles, the cable broke on board the Niagara, owing to its overriding and getting off the pully leading on to the machine. Both vessels put about and returned, a fresh splice was made, and again lowered over at 7 1-2. The paying out proceeded beautifully until early on Sunday morning, when the signals suddenly ceased. The cable was cut, and the Niagara repaired to the rendezvous. The cause of the rupture was equally mysterious to those on board the Agamemnon, and no satisfactory conjecture has since been made.

The cable was again spliced on the 28th, and the steamers parted. Everything worked beautifully during that night, and the next day. But at 9 o'clock p. m. on the 29th, the announcement of "No signals" was made on board the Niagara. At the time 142 miles of cable had been payed out. It was subsequently ascertained that the cable parted, for some reason unknown, about six fathoms from the stern of the Agamemnon. About 400 miles of cable were lost during these trials, the effect of which upon the public confidence in the final success of the undertaking was most depressing.

But the managers continued indefatigable. The fleet sailed a second time from Queenstown on the 17th of July, joined the cable on the 29th, and on the 5th of August the world had news of success.

The cost of the telegraph cable has been put down as follows:

Price deep sea wire per mile	$200
Price spun yarn and iron wire per mile	265
Price outside tar per mile	20
Total per mile	$485
For 2,500 miles	$1,212 500
For 10 miles deep-sea cable, at $1,450 per mile	14,500
For 25 miles shore ends, at $1,250 per mile	31,250
Total cost	$1,258,250

Many persons—some of them eminent for science and public enterprise—have labored indefatigably for the success of this greatest work of the century; but the honor of the glorious achievement belongs preëminently to Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD of this city, who has steadily pursued his noble object with a zeal which no discouragement could abate, and a faith which no obstacle could daunt. Up to the very moment when the success of the enterprise was announced, his friends even regarded him as an enthusiast who had unwisely staked thereon the whole of his hard-won fortune; but now the whole community will unite in crowning him as an eminently wise man and a public benefactor.

This grand achievement, which has already been hailed with shouts of exultation on both sides of the Atlantic, will doubtless be celebrated in due form, simultaneously, throughout the civilized world, before the lapse of many days. The following ode, written by RALPH WALDO EMERSON for a Fourth-of-July observance in Concord, Mass., should be sung wherever in this land *free men* unite in that celebration:

O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire,
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses are not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For he that flung the broad blue fold
O'er mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal State;
To take the statute from the mind,
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,
Present and Past, in under-song—
Go, put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home, then reach beyond
Your charter o'er the sea;
And make the broad Atlantic pond
A ferry of the free.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save, underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur thro' the main
Sweet songs of Liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, thro' the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

A WORD FROM LIBERIA.

WE have been permitted to make the following extract from a letter recently received by a gentleman in Boston from his friend in Liberia:

"INTERIOR SETTLEMENT, LIBERIA, May 19, 1858.

"Liberia is getting a place among nations, if getting in a row goes for so much. We are at loggerheads with that amiable young man, the Emperor of the French, who, after promising us a war-brig, and sending for a commission to come out and take it, played the Indian on us, took back his promise, and sent the brig to some of his delightful colonies, because, forsooth, we were impudent enough to remonstrate against the stealing of our own darkies. The best of the joke has just turned up. One of the French emigrant slavers was purchasing slaves at and about Cape Mount, in Liberian waters. She had, at that time, 250 on board, not one of them volunteers. Many of them had formerly been in the employ of the colonists, and were somewhat acquainted with our laws. The captain, Monsieur Chevalier, a notorious trader, and his lieutenant, being on shore, the gentlemen of color arose in their might, and slaughtered some 18 French gentlemen who comprised the crew, sparing the life only of the doctor, who had been very kind to them. They endeavored to run on the beach, near Monrovia; but finding that those who had sold them were there waiting for them, they went up the coast and were picked up by an English mail steamer, off Gallinas, and brought into Monrovia. It is needless to say that all *sloped*. Two French, one English and one American men-of-war ran in shortly after; palavering and shuffling of a mixed character took place, the result of which was the departure of the slaver under the protection of the French war-ships, *after the Englishman had left!* Some sharp words, it is said, passed between the English and French commanders. The end is not yet.

"The slave trade is very brisk, though not as active as some months ago. The withdrawal of the American squadron would check it much. The activity of the 'Dale' sloop-of-war and other American vessels in overhauling old legitimate traders is a perfect farce; or rather it is a blind to cover the actual protection which the slavers receive from the rest of the squadron. It is, perhaps, doubtful if the Commodore is implicated, but a peep at his instructions would open a pretty chapter of Yankee humbug and rascality. The infamous Captain Canot, it is said, has been recalled from his post as Governor of the Phillipine Islands by the French Emperor, and is supposed to be at or about Whydah, managing the slave business."

MR. BLEBY'S SPEECH, to which we devote a large portion of our space the present week, we cannot too earnestly commend to the careful attention of our readers. The facts so lucidly presented therein afford irrefragible proofs that Emancipation in the West India Islands, so far from being a failure, as the slaveholders and their allies so confidently affirm, has proved the greatest blessing to all classes of the population. We call the attention of the Richmond *South*, the New Orleans *Picayune* and the Georgia *Constitutionalist* to this speech, and challenge them to publish it. Let them, if they dare, give their readers a chance to see the facts presented by a man who, having spent twenty-seven years in the Colonies, is a thoroughly competent and reliable witness.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 741, brings us the conclusion of "Eddies Round the Rectory," and contains beside a very interesting biographical s

resting upon the administrators of the law, he closes as follows:

"I cannot close without expressing my confidence that you and your associates have in this use of my name had a far higher object than to make war upon the parties. It is true that you have acted without their leave. But it is also true that your clear right to do so has been exercised in no belligerent nor defiant spirit. Nor can I close without expressing my confidence that your nomination is the offspring, not of personal attachment, but of devotion to those principles which shall live when you and I are forgotten. Hence I expect that you will drop my name should any one of the parties nominate for Governor a man on whom you can rely for such services as you are seeking at my hands. And you are by no means to despair of their doing so. The Temperance Convention may do so. So may the Republican Convention. Possibly the Native American also. Whichever shall do so shall not lack our cordial cooperation. The parties may be restrained by foolish pride from concurring in your nomination; but nothing of that will restrain you from concurring in theirs. A partisan, rather than not gratify his party spirit, might consent to see the cause of freedom and the cause of temperance both perish. But as your first and last object in this movement is the promotion of these causes, so your votes are ready for any man of any party whose election will be most likely to serve this object most efficiently."

Our impression is that Mr. Smith will get votes enough to defeat the Republican candidate, but not enough to make him Governor. If elected, he will certainly do all that a Governor can to protect the fugitive slave. On this point he speaks, in the letter already alluded to, in very plain terms, viz.:

"That deserves not the name of civil government which does not shelter the innocent who flee to its jurisdiction. Never was there a conquered province that held its privileges by a tenure more degrading than is the relation of the free States to the Slave Power. They would afford a home within their borders to the most peeled and persecuted of earth—but that Power forbids, and they submit. Their name of free States and their loud boasts of freedom are truly farcical. They are, in fact, all slave States; and of their freedom, so long as it is modified by the bloodiest despotism, they ought to be heartily ashamed. The State of New York begins to be restless at seeing herself a slave State. But whether she will not prove herself to be still too much debauched and debased by slavery to vote herself a free State at the coming election, is one of the great questions now before us. Thrice joyful event would be such a vote! For then, in quick succession, would each of the free States follow the glorious lead of our own great State; and then the North, having exchanged her nominal and spurious for an actual and real freedom, would no longer give her sympathy and support to slavery; and then the South, cut off from this vital resource, would see that she too must make herself free—or that she must perish.

"I believe that the Republican party, if only freed from the deceiving and perverting influences of its worst leaders, would vote to make New York a free State. It is true that, only sixteen months ago, our Republican Legislature withstood our earnest entreaty for a law to protect our brothers and sisters who broke out of the Southern prison-house, and bring up their poor bleeding bodies and bleeding hearts within the border of our State. But the Republican party would not have refused this justice and mercy. It was its leaders who were so unjust and hard-hearted and foolish—and only a part of them. Many of them favored the measure. Among these were members of the Legislature. The Speaker (Mr. Littlejohn) was eloquent for it. Mr. Wooster and other prominent members gave it their support.

"That is the truest civil government which takes into its most special keeping the poorest of the poor and the weakest of the weak. The higher the social grade, the less need has it of governmental protection. But sad indeed is the condition of the lowest, unless government is incessantly vigilant in its behalf. Happy world, this, when, all over it, civil government shall, in the words of the heavenly volume, 'judge the poor of the people, save the children of the needy, and break in pieces the oppressor.'

"Shall we ever again witness in a Court of this State the heaven and earth insulting scene of trying a man under the blasphemous accusation that he is a thing, and that immortality is a commodity! I am sure that the Republican party would agree with me that the armed force of the State could in nowise be more suitably employed than in putting a stop to such an outrage. Nevertheless, there are leaders of this party so false to God and man as not only to be willing to let it go on, but even to prate of authority for it. Hasten the day when rulers shall be conscious of the dignity of human nature, and shall dare defend it! Hasten the day when the plea that there is law for trampling on that glorious nature, and classing it with the brute's, shall but aggravate the crime of doing so, and make its punishment more swift and certain and severe!

"Surely the Republican party, did but the leaders allow it to speak out, could not be slow to denounce the folly and the sin of acknowledging slavery to be a law. Through such acknowledgment is it that slavery gets and maintains its hold on the public forbearance, and rises from a base and bloody piracy into the dignity of an 'institution.' The people of the North wonder at the bold aggressions of slavery. They need not. So long as they consent to call the piracy an 'institution,' and admit it to be law, so long do they not only invite those aggressions, but leave themselves without excuse for complaining of them. They can make murder itself as respectable and prosperous as slavery, if they will only confess that it, as well as slavery, is law. Make the worst thing, be it slaveholding or rumselling, or what not, the subject of sacred law, and you thereby educate the people into the toleration, not to say the approval, of it. I add that it is better to acknowledge murder than slavery to be law, for that murder is a less crime than slavery every parent would testify who should be called to choose between slavery and the grave for the fate of his child.

"* * * Moreover, as I have already intimated, slavery can, no more than murder, be embodied in law. This the American people know. For although, in their contempt of the black man's rights, they are ready to admit anything against him, where is the white man who would admit the possibility of a law for slavery, were it to be applied to white men? Surely no candidate for office would dare do it. Only let Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln say that white men are capable of legal enslavement and Illinois will choose neither of them for her Senator. Let any one of the candidates for Governor of this State say so and he will learn that offices are not in store for those who hold a doctrine so derogatory to the dignity of white men.

"It is already objected to your Convention that the man it has put in nomination had a part in saving the celebrated Jerry from being returned to slavery. He confesses it. But who among the objectors, were his own son in the circumstances poor Jerry was in, would not feel compassion for him, and bless his deliverers? He that is without such compassion let him be first to cast a stone at me. And it is also objected to your nomination that the Democrats talk for it. They do, and who of them would not also vote for it had it been his own son instead of Jerry that I helped?

"Oh! were the religion of this land, in fact as well as in name, the religion of Christ, we should never hear a man reproached for his deeds of mercy. Oh! had not slavery hardened the heart and brutified the spirit of this people, we should never bear it objected to a candidate for civil rule that he pitied his brother when he saw him in the hands of kidnappers. In that better coming day, such candidate shall in no wise be able to commend himself more effectually than by saying, in the words of a noble ancient civil ruler: 'I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth?'

"Another of the complaints which I have seen brought against your Convention is that even should it succeed in electing a Governor, he could do nothing for either of the two special objects of the Convention—the promotion of temperance and the protection of the fugitive slave. What, the Governor of the State able to do nothing for temperance! Then can no man. Then it is, of course, idle to make temperance an issue in any election. Then we are in hopeless bondage to the reign of rum. Surely this objection to your Convention cannot have proceeded from any wise friend of temperance. Nothing could be better adapted to prepare the way for achieving rum nominations and their victory. And as to the alleged impotence of the Governor to protect the fugitive slave, how disgraceful to our great State is the admission that the Marshal of the United States would prove too strong for the Governor and the forces that should come to his aid! I know, indeed, that as yet the Governor of no State has conquered the Marshal engaged in the infernal work of carrying back a brother or sister into the pit of slavery. But has ever the Governor of any State tried to do so? Not one. All the Governors, where the case has come up, have shamefully acknowledged that there was law for the Marshal, but none for the slave. Perhaps, were I Governor, I too could not stop the Marshal from running off with his innocent prey. But, to use the pregnant word of the brave American officer, I could 'try'—and, beyond a doubt, if politics had not by that time eaten out all my manhood, I should 'try.'"

Mr. Smith, while avowing his belief that "the patience of the people has been already sufficiently taxed with reading and hearing [his] numerous speeches," still says:

"I will, so far as I can, go into any county which I may be invited to go into, and where the prospect is that I shall meet a large company of voters; and then whatever questions growing out of the occasion shall, in the presence of such company, be put to me I will immediately attempt to answer. Of course I shall desire every one to feel at liberty to follow me and expose my ignorance or misrepresentation of facts and the flaws in my logic, reserving to myself, however, the right to review my reviewers.

"I would, too, that there might be half a dozen great meetings in different parts of the State, which all the candidates for Governor might attend for the purpose of being questioned, both by the meetings and by each other."

A NEGRO AMONG THE PEERS.—We alluded last week to the fact that an African king was lately observed in that part of the House of Commons appropriated to the Peers. The following paragraph, from the London *Christian Inquirer*, contains a more exact account of his African Majesty:

"A few nights ago there was seen the unusual spectacle of a veritable negro, black as a coal, sitting in the place of honor under the gallery, which is set apart for the peers of England when they come down to listen to the debates in the Commons House. On inquiry being made, it was found that the colored gentleman bears a higher title than the proudest peer, for he is a veritable king, and not a king clogged by constitutional forms, but as despotic in his dominions as Louis Napoleon is in France; nay more, for he is absolute, his will is law, and the life and property of every subject is entirely at his mercy. He is king of Bonny, on the western coast of Africa, and whom he will he can set up, and whom he will he can put down. His Majesty is an old man, and somewhat paralyzed in his limbs. He was introduced into the House by our metropolitan monarch, Mr. Thwaites. He talks English well, and his sway is as benevolent as it is despotic, we understand. One of his achievements deserves record. He has put down cannibalism in his dominions, and taught his subjects to feed upon the fruits of the earth, instead of devouring one another."

PERSONAL.

Gov. Chase, of Ohio, received a complimentary dinner, at the Parker House in Boston, on Monday last, from the leading Republicans. Gov. Banks presided.

Bayard Taylor spent a week in the early part of June with his wife's relatives in Gotha, having returned from his trip to Greece. He is now under way for a short summer trip to Russia.

The Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* states that on Tuesday evening, Aug. 3d, a party composed of Professors Agassiz and Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Judge Hoar, Stillman the artist, and Dr. S. G. Howe, passed through that place, on their way to the Adirondack region, to spend a month.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, writing from St. Cloud, Minnesota, says:

"This place has some notoriety, as being the home of Mrs. Swissbelm, editress of the *St. Cloud Visitor*, whose press was destroyed and thrown into the river last summer. We called upon the lady, at her sanctum, this morning, and found her engaged in setting type, aided by two small boys. Her two journeymen had left her for some reason, and she was determined to issue her weekly sheet, come what would. She also exhibited a large metal type for the head of her paper, which she had manufactured herself, to supply the place of one that had got broken."

The *Massachusetts Spy* claims for the old Bay State the honor of giving birth to three men whose names will go down to posterity in close affinity. It says:

"It is worthy of note that Dr. Franklin, the great pioneer in the investigation of the nature and properties of electricity, who first attempted to reduce it to a science, and who proved the identity of lightning and electricity, and Professor Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, were both Massachusetts men, and, what is more remarkable, they were born within a mile and a half of each other—one in Boston and the other over the river in Charlestown. Cyrus W. Field, the Agent of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company, the efficient man of the concern, who has done more than any other man to bring about the connection of the continents by telegraph wires, is also a Massachusetts man, native, we believe, of Athol, in this county. It is not often that such a coincidence can be found in connection with a matter of so great moment to the interests of civilization and humanity."

The latest intelligence from Senator Sumner is not as encouraging as could be desired. A letter in *The Tribune*, dated at Paris, July 26th, says:

"His physical sufferings have been constant and rather increasing than diminishing since I last wrote. The moxa has not been administered anew, but none of the wounds on the neck and back left by the six first burnings are yet healed. These render every change of posture difficult, slow walking very painful, and the constantly irritating motion of a carriage nearly intolerable. The bed gives only a cramped, labored repose, for the nature and position of the fire-wounds are such as to forbid the poor privilege of 'tossing about' under penalty of fresh agony. This state of things has lasted now for nearly six weeks. Meanwhile, however, the burns are slowly closing over, and Dr. Brown-Sequard, who is in daily attendance, does not propose to apply the moxa again for the next two months.

"Some new features in the case have developed, causing the patient intense new pains. It is throwing but little light on them to say that they are neuralgic, constringing and oppressing the chest as with a torturing, deadly weight. They have been considerably reduced by the administration of hot baths and powerful internal remedies. If I rightly understand the physician and his patient, these new pains are to be regarded purely as an effect of sympathy between the nerves in the region of the chest and the great nervous central column—not as an extension to that region of the malady of the latter, nor as an independent local disease of those nerves.

"On the whole there is as large room for hope in his case as when I last wrote. So soon as he is able to travel without too much pain, Mr. S. purposes, with the assent of his physicians, to leave Paris for a short tour in France, going perhaps to Aix, in Savoy, or some other place convenient for bathing and for whatever water treatment may be conducive to his final cure. It will gratify his friends to know that Dr. Hayward of Boston, on a recent visit to London, took occasion to lay his case before Sir Benjamin Brodie and others, the most eminent medical authorities of that capital, all of whom were agreed as to the necessity of an active treatment and in approval of the course that has been pursed by Dr. Sequard."

The facts of George Thompson's return from India and of his serious illness were briefly mentioned in our last. Mr. F. W. Chesson, his son-in-law, in a letter to *The Liberator*, furnishes intelligence which we must not withhold from our readers. He says:

"Mr. Thompson, I deeply regret to say, has returned in a deplorable state of health, having been brought to the verge of the grave by the three hot seasons through which he has passed in Calcutta. Last year he was obliged to fly for his life to Ceylon, where he endured months of suffering; but, owing to the kindness which was lavished upon him by comparative strangers, he recovered sufficiently to justify his return to Calcutta. On his arrival in that city, the doctors whom he consulted warned him that, if he remained another hot season, he must die. Accordingly, having made all his business arrangements, he left Calcutta in the screw steamer Undaunted, on, I think, the 23d of March. Four weary months was Mr. Thompson tossed about on the sea, as the Undaunted came the long voyage round the Cape, and as the captain, owing, as it afterwards proved, to the difficulties in which his employers were involved, never once put on the steam. What months of anguish these were, no imagination can conceive, and I will not attempt to describe. But, so ill did Mr. Thompson at length become that the ship's doctor gave up all hope of his recovery, and intimated to him that the time had arrived when he should make his final arrangements, and prepare himself for the worst. Happily, however, the crisis was safely passed, and a change for the better took place. How he managed to get home, after the ship had arrived at Gravesend, it would be difficult to say; but had he not had with him a trustworthy servant, it would have been impossible for him to have accomplished the journey. He is still in a very low state of health, and has not yet recovered the use of his limbs, but the physician speaks hopefully of his ultimate recovery, and there can be little doubt that, with perfect rest and care, he will one day be himself again.

"There is happily one circumstance connected with his affliction which helps to sweeten his otherwise bitter cup. His intellect has lost none of its old vigor, and his interest in those public questions with which he has been identified for so many years remains undiminished.

"One of the first questions he put to me had reference to yourself, and to the great movement with which you are associated. Never, indeed, does a day pass but that you and it are in his thoughts, and few things will be more pleasant to him than the knowledge of your sympathy with him in his sufferings."

EDUCATION—THE WOMAN QUESTION.—The New York Teachers' Association has been for several years past agitated by "the confounded woman question," which caused such a flutter among the clerical and sectarian members of the American Anti-Slavery Society a little less than twenty years ago, and which that Society promptly put to rest, so far as concerned itself, by a decision based on justice and common sense. The Association held its annual meeting at Lockport on the 3d, 4th and 5th inst. As usual, the right of female teachers to participate fully in the proceedings of the Association was mooted; that right having been only partially conceded heretofore. Our persevering and indefatigable friend, Miss Susan B. Anthony of Rochester, made a valiant stand in behalf of her sex, and, if we may judge from the partial reports that we have seen of the proceedings, her efforts, though not entirely successful, were yet attended with encouraging results. On the first day, the chair having announced three committees composed exclusively of men, Miss Anthony demurred to the arrangement, and proposed that two women should be added to each committee, for as nine-tenths of the teachers were women, it was not quite fair that they should be entirely forgotten. This excited some brisk discussion, and a little personality besides. Several disclaimed the implication, and insisted that there was no intention whatever of excluding women, except as they wished to be excluded. Miss Anthony wondered whether, if five women should be appointed on a committee, and no men, the men wouldn't feel somewhat aggrieved. Her proposition was lost by a small vote.

Subsequently, when the Association was devising measures to promote the circulation of its periodical, *The Teacher*, a committee of three men and three women, one of whom was Miss Anthony, was appointed to canvass for subscribers. Miss Anthony very characteristically remarked that till the Association put women on committees for some other purpose than to beg money for men to spend, she, for one, should decline to serve. Another lady was appointed in her place. Afterwards, in pursuance of a previous arrangement, Mr. Hamilton of Oswego, Professor D. H. Corcoran of the State Normal School at Albany, and Miss Susan B. Anthony of Rochester, were appointed by the chair as a committee to whom schools in want of teachers and teachers in want of schools may apply for assistance and positions.

Near the close of the proceedings Miss Anthony offered resolutions, declaring that economy, as well as the best interests, demanded that the sexes should be educated together; that the girls in our public schools be not only *allowed*, but required, to practise declamation and discussion, precisely the same as the boys now are; and that justice and economy demand the abolition of colored schools. These resolutions were laid on the table. They will not lie there many years before public opinion will demand their passage.

COLORED PEOPLE'S CELEBRATION AT NEW BEDFORD.—After our columns were nearly filled, we received from our friend WILLIAM C. NELL, of Boston, proof-slips, furnished by the editor of *The Liberator*, containing a report of the proceedings of the Convention of colored people held at New Bedford, on Monday, Aug. 2d., to celebrate the anniversary of West India Emancipation. We regret that we have not space to print even the briefest extracts from this report, containing as it does the most cheering evidences that the colored people of the Old Bay State, under the inspiring influence of the Anti-Slavery Movement inaugurated by GARRISON, are rising in the scale of intelligence and moral worth, and advancing toward a just appreciation of their rights and duties. We are pleased to observe that many of the papers in Massachusetts bear witness to the highly respectable character of the Convention and to the high order of talent and eloquence displayed in its proceedings. The Boston correspondent of *The Tribune* speaks of it in the following terms:

"The Convention of colored people at New Bedford last Monday was the grandest affair in that line that has ever occurred in the State. Though no measures of importance were undertaken for the improvement of the condition of the race, free or enslaved, yet the Convention itself was a demonstration of their capacity to conduct themselves with propriety, to manage public assemblies with success, and to speak with eloquence and humor. It was thus a protest against oppression, which cannot help being of value. Mr. Remond, Robert Morris of Boston, Dr. Smith of New Bedford, and William Wells Brown, were the ablest men present. Mr. Brown presided with dignity and skill. Mr. Remond was defeated in an attempt to procure the appointment of a Committee to publish an address to the slaves of the South on the subject of the right and duty of insurrection. "Better make a good run than a bad stand," was Father Henson's motto, and this seemed the prevailing opinion. There was, however, a very decided feeling in the Convention against all colonization schemes to Liberia, Central America and elsewhere, and I do not wonder. Judging by the looks of the Convention, there are a great many colored people in the cities and towns of this State who are comfortably off in the world, enjoying a good many rights and privileges, though still under the ban of prejudice to a certain extent. They not only consult their own welfare, but the public, the Anti-Slavery interest, by remaining here and showing that Freedom is its own justification and apology."

ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP A COLORED BOY.—On Sunday morning last, says the *Evening Post*, a colored lad named Isaac Moore, residing with his mother at No. 231 Second street, appeared at the Eleventh Precinct Station-house, and stated that early on Wednesday morning of last week he was accosted by a man on Houston street, who took him by force on board of the schooner Ann Ellis, then lying at the foot of Third street. Here he was confined in the hold of the vessel four days, with a plaster upon his mouth to keep him from making a noise. On Sunday morning the Captain sent him above to get a glass of water, when he succeeded in making his escape.

A police officer was despatched to the vessel to attend to the matter. The vessel, however, had weighed anchor and gone to sea. She was a Virginian. This was, beyond doubt, an attempt to kidnap the lad, and sell him into slavery. The boy is full-blooded, very black, but intelligent. Friends of the boy are on the track of the vessel, and the affair will be followed up, and the kidnappers, if possible, discovered and punished.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

THE COLORED POPULATION OF OHIO.

CINCINNATI, August 5, 1858.

THE colored people of this place and the towns adjacent had a celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation on the 2d inst. at Xenia, fifty-five miles north of this city by railroad. It passed off pleasantly, and yet was not as largely attended nor as enthusiastic as it ought to have been, owing to the reports that had been circulated by some of the newspapers that the celebration would be offensive to the citizens of Xenia, as there had been a large increase of blacks in that place and vicinity in the last year, and a procession and speeches, as proposed, would lead to a disturbance. These hints, encouraging the mob spirit, especially an article in the *Daily Times* of this city from a correspondent in Xenia, had the effect of keeping many away; yet the celebration was held, and the programme fully carried out, without any signs of opposition on the part of the people of Xenia. For some years past there has been a large increase of colored people in Greene County, of which Xenia is the county seat, and there are now upwards of 800 in that place, the whole population of which is from four to five thousand. No other county in the State has as large a proportion of blacks, and the increase latterly is ascribed to the establishment of "Wilberforce University," for the education exclusively of colored persons, male and female, about four miles from Xenia, which, it is said, has tended to bring this class of persons to the neighborhood of that city.

This institution was commenced a few years ago by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is under the control of the Ohio and Cincinnati Conferences. Its location is a good one, the buildings large, capable of accommodating 500 students, besides numerous small cottages for families, and fifty acres of good land. Bishop Paine, of the African Methodist Church, a man of high character as a Christian and a preacher, lives near here. The men who were active in getting up this institution, both ministers and laymen, were decidedly anti-slavery, men belonging to the most anti-slavery wing of the Church North, and yet they would hardly call themselves Abolitionists in the strictest sense of the term. In regard to the union of the two races, white and colored, on terms of equality in the same school, the right of the blacks to suffrage, and other privileges denied them, they would come short of our standard of right. And yet I cannot doubt the sincerity of their anti-slavery principle, as far as it goes, nor their earnestness in their endeavors to educate and elevate the colored people in this country, leaving minor points, as well as colonization, for the future to decide. Let these people be educated and their anti-slavery principles be strengthened, as I cannot but believe they will be in this College, and they will be better enabled to teach and pursue a greater variety of occupations than heretofore, and thus deserve and command the respect of the community. I have confidence in the men who originated this enterprise, some of whom I know, to believe that its tendencies will all be in the right direction. It is looked upon with dislike by the "negro-haters" and with favor by all who sympathize with freedom. I find that it is approved by the friends of the slave both within and without the pale of the Methodist Church. As to its being under the control of that sect, it is the more likely to be successful, as the blacks sympathize with Methodism; its spirit and peculiarities seem to attract them more than those of any other persuasion. That Church, too, in the West has such command of men and means, and pursues its objects with such energy, that it has succeeded in every enterprise it has undertaken. It is hardly likely that this would have succeeded as well had it been originated as a private enterprise.

The Xenia papers and *The Commercial* of this city have been discussing the subject of the increase of free blacks in Ohio, which they say has become "alarming." If they are to be believed, the increase of this class is a great evil, which ought to be discouraged in every suitable way. They do not directly recommend the enactment of laws to keep them out of the State, but no doubt these papers would favor such measures. They refer to the laws of this kind in force in Indiana, Illinois and other States, to show the tendencies of public sentiment, without condemning them. As to any specific acts which the blacks have committed which make their presence a nuisance, these are not mentioned, but accusations in general terms are made of their being insolent to white men, holding their heads high, expecting an equality with white men because they have now a University for their especial benefit, &c. These writers seem to think that the blacks must be looked down upon and "kept under" as an inferior race, and every attempt to elevate them in intelligence must be dangerous to society. Surely, if they are as vicious, as a class, as represented, every means employed to make them better ought to be welcomed. Instead of this, the College is scouted at as the fruit of "negro philanthropy," and every attempt to elevate this despised and injured race depreciated or opposed.

The Commercial, which has by far the largest circulation of any of our dailies, has been giving the public the benefit of its views on the "Right of Property in Man" and kindred topics, in a series of editorials, in which it shows its anti-slavery to be of a *very mild type*, notwithstanding it is a Republican paper and an especial friend of Gov. Chase. It thinks *every* slave would not be benefited by his freedom; that those only of energy and capable of taking care of themselves ought to escape from bondage; that it is unwise for us in the free States to advise them to escape at all, and that the whole U. G. R. R. system is a "mischievous philanthropy." On the conductors of this latter institution it is very severe, and denounces in terms befitting a slaveholder a circular lately issued to the friends of freedom for assistance in circulating anti-slavery documents in Kentucky. There are thousands of readers of this paper who cannot sympathize with its views on these subjects and continue to take it on account of its value as a general newspaper.

Notwithstanding all that partisan editors may say to the contrary, the public sentiment of this State, in regard to the treatment due the colored population, has been, for some years past, improving, and at no time have efforts for their education and moral advancement met with such general favor from intelligent persons of all persuasions as they do at present. The conservative and pro-slavery press does not represent the prevailing public sentiment even in the southern part of the State. F.

JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, of Worcester, Mass., an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, expects to visit and lecture in New London County, Conn., and the adjacent portion of Rhode Island, during the month of August. We commend him to the friendly sympathy and cooperation of all lovers of Truth and Freedom, as being an able and faithful laborer in the Anti-Slavery cause.

He will receive the names of subscribers to the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and to *The Liberator*; and payments on account of either of those papers may be made to him.

DANIEL S. WHITNEY, now in Iowa, has been appointed a Lecturing and Collecting Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and is hereby commended to all friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in the places he may visit between Iowa and Massachusetts. He is authorized to receive names and subscriptions for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator*.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to cooperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their cooperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

Summary.

AMALGAMATION.—The New Bedford *Standard* says: "A wedding came off in this city, recently, between a colored gentleman and a white lady who is respectably connected. The groom has white blood flowing in his veins and claims no less a personage than the President of the United States, whose name he bears, as his paternal ancestor."

NEGRO STAMPEDE.—On Saturday night last, says the Martinsburg (Va.) *Republican*, three valuable negro men, belonging to John Cunningham, and one belonging to Mr. D. R. McNeil, residing near Moorefield, Va., ran away. They left in company for Pennsylvania—that paradise of negroes—and, although pursuit was made, were not apprehended. The reward offered for them singly is two hundred dollars, or eight hundred for all. Here is a chance for speculation.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—Josiah Quincy, ex-President of Harvard University, has drawn up the subscription paper for the $26,000 which is expected from New England, to complete the work of relieving Antioch College from debt. Mr. Quincy, Hon. Albert Fearing, Jonathan Phelps, Esq., of Boston, and Hon. Thomas Mandell, of New Bedford, have subscribed each $1,000 towards this object.

A FATHER EMANCIPATING HIS SON.—A planter from Mississippi, named Allen Motley, yesterday appeared in the Probate Court, and took the necessary steps to emancipate a young lad whom he said was his son. He said that the boy was about fifteen years of age, that he was his own son by a yellow girl who was his slave, and whom he purchased with the first money he saved in superintending a plantation. The counsel for Mr. Motley stated that he intended to give the boy the best education he could in this country, and then send him to Europe.—*Cincinnati paper.*

THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.—Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, one of the ablest theologians among the Universalist clergy, has invited Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams to prove the Scripturalness of endless punishment in the columns of the *Christian Freeman*, which Mr. Cobb edits. Dr. Adams has accepted the invitation, and in a few weeks will enter upon his work. Mr. Cobb will of course reply to the arguments of Dr. Adams, and says that the discussion of this important subject will be conducted in the spirit and manner of Christian manliness, such as will promote rather than diminish reverence for the Bible and Christianity.

COTTON IN AFRICA.—A letter received by the Cotton Supply from Mr. R. D. Ross, Cape Coast Castle, which appears in the London *Times*, states emphatically that cotton, which is indigenous to Africa, and grows abundantly in Ashantee, might be obtained equal to that of Georgia, both in quantity and quality. Mr. Ross thinks the Africans would readily profit by instruction, and that Africa would before long compete well with the slave States of America, if capitalists would establish an organization in the central districts to purchase and prepare for export all the cotton which the natives should be left to grow.

THE ABOLITIONISM OF MISSOURI.—We are in receipt of a letter from the West, in which the writer, a Methodist minister, says: "Four fugitive slaves from Missouri passed through here yesterday, and shortly after four bloodhounds were on their track. * * I had a conversation with a slaveholder from Missouri, who told me that Methodists in that State bought, sold, bred and hired slaves, the same as other people." Then follows a remark touching the representation upon that subject at the late Black River Conference, which, out of respect to the "authorities," we prefer to suppress. The Methodist anti-slavery of Missouri is, beyond all question, precisely of the Henry Slicer and Baltimore stamp.—M.—*Northern Independent.*

LADIES LEARNING TO SHOOT—CAPT. TRAVIS.—We notice this great "pistol shot" has returned to the city, for the purpose of establishing a pistol gallery. While in Lexington, Ky., which city he hails from last, he opened a pistol gallery or school for ladies, and he was greeted with an attendance of forty-five of Kentucky's fairest daughters. Among them, he says, the most timid became the best shots. With practice they acquired courage, and ten times out of twenty they would hit the "bull's eye." The captain will open the same kind of school in this city to-day, in order to afford our ladies an opportunity of handling the pistols, either to protect themselves or for their own amusement.—*Cincinnati Gazette, July 27.*

A NOTABLE SLAVE CASE.—The Rapides (La.) *Democrat* tells a curious story of a slave who, six years ago, ran away from his master in Georgia, married a white woman, who had several children by him, and settled near Bertrand's Prairie, Rapides parish. His personal appearance had never led any one to suspect his African blood; but his old master by some means learned his hiding place, and came on in pursuit of him two or three weeks since. He and his companion, armed with shot guns, met and recognized the slave, and, on his attempting to escape, shot him twice, wounding him, but not severely enough to prevent his escape. His owner offers a reward of $200 for his arrest.

PROPERTY ADRIFT.—The following is copied from a handbill circulated in and about the metropolis of this great and free Republic. The felonious chattel who so treasonably jumped from a stage coach while in motion, "with his hands fastened with handcuffs," "will no doubt aim for a free State," says his master. What ingratitude! What blindness! Who can want further evidence of the profound Union saving truth that "a negro is not a white man"? A white man, we all know, would have "put" for his old home, where he could find a kind master to take care of him, or, more probably, would never have jumped from the stage at all, yet just see how this perverse 'nigger' misbehaved himself!—*Tribune.*

$250 REWARD.—Runaway from the subscriber, on the 14th of July, a negro man named HENRY. He is about 19 years old; 5 feet 6 inches high; black. He was purchased of Mr. Lewis Hawling, of Loudoun County, Va., by James Spinks, and jumped off of the stage about half a mile above Alexandria, with his hands fastened with handcuffs. He will no doubt aim for a free State. I will give the above reward for his return to me, dead or alive, no matter where taken. JOSEPH BRUIN.

Alexandria, Va., July 14, 1858.

A CASE OF AMALGAMATION AND KIDNAPPING.—The Chicago *Journal* of the 30th ult. relates the following incident:

"We learn that a young man, the son of a much respected Professor in a College in Georgia, recently came to this city in company with a young mulatto woman as his reputed wife, by whom he had four interesting children, whom they brought with them. Before leaving Georgia, it appears, as we learn the facts, he bought this woman, who was a slave, by paying her master $7,000. They have been residing in this city about four weeks, and on Wednesday he took a letter out of the post-office, which requested him to call at a certain room in the Tremont House. He went to the room, and there was surprised to meet his father, in company with two officers, who informed him that he would have to accompany them to his home in Georgia. Greatly alarmed, and not seeming to understand his own rights, he consented to return with them, and left the city with them on the same evening. The woman and her children are still in the city. She is a fair mulatto, and her children are perfectly white. They are left without the means of support.

"This is a mere outline of the case, as it comes to us. The full facts will be made public to-morrow."

A FUGITIVE SLAVE CAPTURED IN INDIANA.—An old negro was kidnapped in this place, on Wednesday morning last, by some men from Evansville, on the allegation that the African was from Kentucky. The man from Evansville, it appears, followed the negro up from some point on the Evansville and Crawfordsville Railroad, and arrested him, as he said, "on suspicion" of being a fugitive, immediately after the train arrived in Terre Haute. The captive was first taken to the jail, where he was refused admission without the proper writ. He was then taken to the United States Commissioner's office, where the captors hoped to obtain the necessary documents for holding their victim until an investigation could be had as to whom he belonged. While waiting at the Commissioner's office, one of the negro's keepers remarked that "if the d—d Abolitionists interfered in the matter, they would have a good time of it!" or words to that effect. Soon after this a scuffle ensued, in which the negro was badly handled. While this scene was being enacted, "considerable excitement was manifested on both sides, but, fortunately, nothing serious occurred. The negro was taken from the person who was dealing with him rather severely, as quickly as the circumstances would admit, and was placed in the hands of officer Jones, who slipped him away from the excitement." Jones and the Evansville citizen, so the account closes, put the negro aboard of a wood-train going south, and carried him off.—*Terre Haute Express.*

EXCITEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE, MD.—The seven slaves who escaped from Dorchester County, Md., on Saturday night week, were on Saturday last arrested in Carolina County, together with a white man named Hugh Hazelett (a resident of Dorchester County for two or three years), who was found in their company. The Cambridge *Democrat* says:

"They were all brought up to Cambridge on Monday last, in the steamer Kent, under the charge of the Sheriff and Deputy of Caroline, and Deputy Wm. H. Grace of this county. There was assembled on the wharf a large crowd of persons from the town and county; and from the deep feeling of indignation which manifested itself in the countenances of all present, it was easily perceived that it was with great forbearance and difficulty they were persuaded, in their own minds, to keep from lynching Hazelett on the spot; but the love of law and order prevailed, and he was conducted to the jail and there chained to the floor, where he will be allowed to wait until it shall be seen what course the law will take in the case.

"In the course of the evening a meeting of the most respectable and influential men from almost every district in the county took place in the Court-house. John R. Keene, Esq., was called to the Chair, and Dr. H. G. Grieves was elected Secretary. A Committee of three, composed of D. M. Henry, Elias Griswold and J. W. Dail, Esqrs. was appointed, who reported a series of resolutions, which were afterward recommitted to the Committee, which was increased to twenty and authorized to report on next Monday."

HOMICIDE.—On Tuesday last, says the Winchester *Virginian*, a stout, worthy and hard-working free negro man

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

THE GIPSY BOY IN THE NORTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

FAR in the Southland, lovely Spain—
Spain is my native land—
Where the waving, shadowy chestnuts
Rustle on the Ebro's strand,
Where the rosy almonds blossom
And the warm grape's purple gleams,
Where the roses glow in beauty,
And the golden moonlight streams.

And now from house to house I wander,
With my lute, so sad and slow;
No bright eye, with sweet compassion,
Beams upon me as I go.
Sparingly their gifts they toss me,
Angrily they bid me pass;
The poor brown boy, so sad and lonely,
None will understand, alas!

How these mists and clouds oppress me,
Which still hide from me the sun;
And the old and merry measures
Are forgotten, one by one.
Ever, ever in the music
Still one tone my heart hath thrilled,
To my home, O might I wander,
To the land with sunshine filled.

As they trod the length'ning measures
Gaily at their Harvest Feast,
I, although the youngest minstrel,
Sang my lays, of all the best.
Yet, while gazing on the dancers
Whirling 'neath the sunset's gold,
O'er my brown cheeks, all unbidden,
Fast the burning tear-drops rolled.

Then the Father-Land's sweet pleasures
In the dance arose to me;
Where, beneath the gleaming moonlight,
Every heart throbbed light and free;
Where to the sweet lute's soft music
Every foot seemed winged to tread,
And the youths and graceful maidens
Gaily the fandango led.

No! O no! my heart's wild longings
I will struggle to o'ercome,
Every other joy surrender,
Leave me but my childhood's home.
To the South! my native Spain!
Where the sun shines bright and free!
'Neath the shadows of the chestnuts,
One day must I buried be.

SCOTLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Part of an article in the Westminster Review for July.

OUR historic survey comprehends a period of about one hundred and thirty years; a critical period for Scotland, for England, and indeed for Europe. For it was a period of intellectual revolution, a period of decay and anarchy, but also of growth and returning order. Catholicism had ceased to have influence over the minds of men. It had grown decrepid, and now in its old age and weakness all its faults came out. To its inherent defects it added the accumulated vices of years. The faith which had once consoled and supported men had become, in Scotland at least, a wicked and mischievous falsehood, presenting fictions for facts, and so perverting the intellect; proclaiming indulgence for vice, and so depraving the moral character; without social efficacy either for restraint of evil or encouragement of good. Since the life of Scotland had been broken on Flodden Field, and its people had turned away, with estranged hearts, from England, and had looked to France for friendly alliance, a supposed community of interests had brought these two countries into intimate and personal relation. The present monarch was "our Sovereign Lady Mary," the wife of Francis II. She had been carried in the sad and troublous season of her childhood to France, and during her absence her mother, a princess of the house of Guise, acted as regent of Scotland. It was then that the new faith began to attract the hearts and convince the minds of the Scotch nation. The sloth and luxury of the priests —the proved falsehood and established worthlessness of the old creed—the enforced ignorance and systematic demoralization which the Church regarded as necessary securities of its existence—the profligacy, and avarice, and dissimulation of the Catholic hierarchy, were all brought out into the clear, full light of day. The people, who had been kept, like Sampson, in weakness and blindness by these clerical Philistines, felt some return of their old strength, and now, as the morning of reviving faith began to dawn, the scales fell from its eyes, and, as with the restored strength of the Hebrew deliverer, and happier than he in its recovered sight and ultimate fate, it arose like him with a mysterious and irrepressible energy, and seized and shook the pillars of the edifice where it had been a show and a derision, and destroyed the temples and palaces of superstition, crushing its oppressors, who feasted or ministered therein. The national emancipation was finally effected in August, 1560, when an assembly of the estates of the kingdom abolished the jurisdiction of the Pope, proscribed the mass, and ratified the Protestant Confession of Faith. "Lo, here then," exclaims an old writer, "a nation born in one day: yea, moulded into one congregation, and sealed as a fountain with solemn oath and covenant." The priests, with all their gorgeous vestments, have disappeared; the name of the Pope has become a byeword, and Scotland is converted, as it were in a moment, from all the time-honored reverences and observances of the ancient faith. For the authority of fathers and councils, and the magnificent ceremonial of the mediæval Church, her children have the true religion. The Bible speaks to them in their own mother tongue; and, however little able we of a later day and ampler knowledge are to receive its oracles as final, yet where Catholic and Protestant alike acknowledged its inspiration, the old Reformers of Scotland had surely every logical justification, in the great controversy with their opponents, to maintain the overruling force of its decrees, where Bible and Church stood in mutual antagonism. The people of Scotland then rightly saw in the Word of God, as interpreted by the best minds among them, a higher authority than that of priest or church. Its inspiration was felt; its spirit possessed them; it spoke for them, thought for them, put words into their mouths which explained, in their view, the mysteries of life and death, and gave them the power to communicate their else incommunicable feelings to others. The chief organ of the Reformation in Scotland—the true representative of the earnest, manly, sincere belief of the time —was John Knox. The insight and courage of this man reacted on his age, and influenced unborn generations. He saw through every falsehood, however specious; he braved every consequence, however appalling. His preaching stirred the heart of Randolph, the English ambassador, like the sound of trumpets; and Queen Mary, with the beautiful face and the "diamond heart," stood silent and abashed before him. Not less courageous nor less disinterested was Andrew Melville, the learned principal of the theological college of St. Andrew's. When the Earl of Arran asked, with threatening brow, "Who dared subscribe their treasonable articles?" he answered, "We dare, and will subscribe them, and give our lives in the cause." And withal he took the pen and subscribed, calling on the rest, who did the same. To the Regent Morton, who angrily exclaimed, "There will never be quietude in this country till half a dozen of you be hanged or banished," he replied, "I have lived out of your country as well as in it. Let God be glorified, it will not lie in your power to hang or exile His truth."

Men of this heroic mould were not wanting in Scotland in days when noble and peasant had to fight for their faith—days when Mary of Guise called in troops from France to resist the Reforming lords and their adherents; and later, when, during the terror of the anticipated invasion of the Armada, it was known that there was a party prepared to cooperate with the Spaniards if they had landed on the Scottish coast. The violence and insecurity of life during this period may be inferred from the deaths which befel so many eminent men. Stewart, the ex-Chancellor of Scotland, was mercilessly killed by Parkhead; the good Regent Moray was shot by Hamilton; Lennox, who succeeded him, fell by a similar fate; and Morton, who afterwards was advanced to the regency, suffered on the scaffold. With all its valor and noble love of truth, Scotland was, judged by every modern standard of humanity, barbarous and ignorant. Few persons could read or write. Scientific or literary culture scarcely existed. It was the universal fashion to wear arms, and every light occasion served to justify their use. The rich exercised great oppression on the poor, and no judicial trial was considered fair or effective without an armed muster of the friends of the accused. Knox and Melville, and the Presbyterian clergy generally, with the faithful few in whom principle fostered the flame of religious feeling, which of itself speedily burns out, represent the real intelligence and piety of the country. They undertook the difficult task of regenerating society. To subdue all this heathen ferocity; to terminate the feuds which were transmitted from father to son with every accompaniment of misery and crime; to repress barbarism, bloodshed and sensuality, was the enterprise which devolved on the Assembly and Estates of Scotland. This was not an easy enterprise; the qualities required for its fulfilment were not those which in our quiet days are thought best to forward the work of social progress, but rather those which indicate heroic sternness, those which can bear to inflict pain because their possessors have learned the lesson of endurance and self-discipline themselves. Forbearance and charity, and the wisdom that can tolerate many forms of truth beside its own, and even allow some admixture of error for the sake of the good which is implicated in it, were not the virtues which the early Reformers and old Covenanters found possible or availing. A new development of the nation's life was gradually asserting itself; amid much deplorable fanaticism and unhallowed superstition the Scotch people were struggling forward in the right direction; in the direction in which lay freedom, and truth, and sincere and righteous living. In this struggle they had to contend against the power and prestige of the ancient church and the old semi-feudal society. They had to choose between reformation by the sword, the axe, and the prison, and self-destruction, and what in their eyes was of far higher consequence, the destruction of their cause. The Protestant movement in Scotland, unlike that of England, was a military insurrection; and an indispensable condition of its success was to fight without quarter. The new religion and the old met in battle-field, and men with drawn swords in their hands know that the only way to peace is through victory—victory on one side, defeat on the other. The Scotch nation fought for its faith and its freedom, and whatever abatements we have to make from the merits of the people and their leaders, however we may lament their bigotry and condemn their persecuting spirit, we cannot refuse to acknowledge the value of the services which they rendered. During the contest with their unhappy Queen, during the factious opposition of the great nobles in the minority of her son, and the disasters brought upon the people by the ill-advised attempts of the first Charles to destroy a nation's faith and a nation's life, through all the solemn tragedy of the Covenanting time, through the campaign of Montrose, and the persecutions under Claverhouse, Scotland showed that her sons had in them the blood that martyrs shed, and the metal of which heroes are made. That fierce resistance of men who believed in the Lord and his Christ, as men have never since believed; who listened to the preaching of the Book, which for them contained all wisdom that earth could crave or heaven reveal, till under the open skies and amid the overhanging mountains of the land they felt the Divine presence, and were convinced that God was with his soldier saints; won for their country the repose, the freedom, the prosperity it has since enjoyed. It would have been better, we think, if its progress in virtue and intelligence had been effected by that peaceful wisdom which is from above. But rough work must be done in a rough way. Lightning, as Carlyle says, must precede the light. "The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes! but until by lightning and other fierce labor your foul chaos has become a world, you cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any."*

Yet while asserting our conviction that the people and clergy of Scotland were right in the main, we by no means intend to justify their conduct or their measures absolutely. Their zeal for purity of doctrine and holiness of life appears to us to have been carried to an unwise excess. No doubt the mass was in every sense idolatry; but why pursue the solitary Catholic to the silent chamber, where he knelt before the altar in the sincerity of his heart? why compel an external conformity, on pain of life or limb, to the Presbyterian worship, when it could only result in hypocrisy, or in bitter hatred and mad defiance? We trust that under every system of belief the sensualism that petrifies the heart and destroys the very power of loving will be discountenanced; but was it right that no mercy should be shown to the error that often arises in a "beautiful delusion,"† or the affection that the church had not consecrated, or even to the illicit union which had been formed in an hour of passionate self-forgetfulness, and sorrowed over in secret with bitter self-rebuke? In those days of stern discipline absence from church was punishable — contumacious behavior was visited with excommunication, and excommunication implied the loss of civil rights and separation from human converse. The rigid observance of the Sabbath formed part of the new theological code, and so strenuously was it enforced that we read of a gentleman who was prosecuted for bringing home a millstone on Sunday, and of another who was arraigned for gathering gooseberries in time of sermon. As a specimen of clerical interference with private life, we may mention that the Kirk session of Perth (1586-7) would not allow two unmarried sisters to live together in one house, but ordered them "to go to service, or where they may be best entertained without slander, under pain of imprisonment and banishment from the town." Poor Patrick Anderson, a Catholic, is thrown into prison, where he lies long months, for preaching the old faith with a zeal and courage which no generous opponent could deny; a Lady Livingstone is suspected of unsoundness in the faith, and is harassed into all miserable evasions and deceptions to escape excommunication; and severe pains are inflicted on Gabriel Mercer and Alexander Crichton for frequenting the company of Robert Crichton, excommunicate papist. All this goes on in Reforming Scotland; while far off, in Calvinistic Switzerland, St. Francis of Sales, with invincible courage, meekness and patience, labors to reclaim men to the religion of their fathers, showing that these malignant papists have tender human hearts; and by the sweetness of his disposition and natural piety, reforming the sinful Catholic and converting the obstinate heretic.

But from this general review of the historic drama that was enacted during this wild and sorrowful period, from this estimate of the character and mission of the Reformers of the Northern kingdom, let us proceed to a more detailed and exact description of the men and manners of that iron age. Socially it was a barbarous and cruel epoch. The feuds of the nobles were incessant, and the best blood in the land was spilt in those senseless personal quarrels. Johnstones and Douglases, Maxwells and Montgomeries wandered over the land fighting and plundering. Fearful deeds were done, and sad sights beheld in those days. * * * * *

Such was the social order in Scotland in those old days. There was no peace, no quiet enjoyment for any man. It was no fair Cosmos that the Kirk and Estates of Scotland found ready shaped to their hand, and requiring only a little embellishment for its perfection, but a "foul chaos" which only the lightning could penetrate, and the storm purify. In perfect correspondence with the social character of the age were the phenomena presented under the intellectual category. In the absence of the true interpretation of nature, a false conception of all physical and mental processes prevailed. Unable to discern the real significance of this marvellous existence—unable rightly to conceive the great mysteries of birth and death —or to discover, under the terrors and splendors of the universe, beneficent methods and tranquil grandeurs, they beheld everywhere the shadows of their own degrading imaginations, they accepted fictions for their own puerile and barbarous pre-conceptions. In the eclipse of the sun they saw the indication of an offended Providence; in the pestilence an expression of Divine wrath against the supposed crimes of sorcery and witchcraft; in the famine a punishment for their sin in the temporary toleration of the mass. The aurora borealis was fruitful in predictions of disaster to the excited feelings of men who beheld in the firmament "battle arrayed, spears and other weapons, and as it had been the joining of two armies." In our day a comet passes among the satellites of Jupiter, and with such harmless visitation that it leaves them shining as serenely and steadily as before; but to our ancestors it appeared as a menacing messenger, the undoubted effects of whose "scourge made of wands all fiery" were a great and mighty battle in Barbaria, in Afric, wherein three kings were slain; and within the country the chasing away of the Hamiltons, &c. The "Fiery Besom" of 1556 was commissioned expressly to announce the death of Christian, King of Denmark, and the war between England and Scotland. On its last visit, if the astronomers are right, Cranmer was undergoing his martyrdom of fire. Should Professor Hind's prediction be verified, it will find us, we trust, not simply tolerating, but relieving the mystic criminal of the Middle Ages, the "persecuted Jew." It found our forefathers ignorant of the stage-coach, unprovided with the simplest agency for the conveyance of letters. It will find us exulting in the railway and steamship, and laying the electric telegraph in the waters of the Atlantic.

In Scotland the varieties of superstition, during the period we are reviewing, were as strange as they were numerous. Sometimes we find in them the counterparts of our own superstitions, originating, like ours, in the absence of those scientific tests which regulate or check our tendency to explain unusual phenomena, or in the undue exaltation of the religious sentiment. A Scottish gentleman, for instance, in 1678, sought relief from a painful disorder from a magician in Italy. He was told that he need not have come so far from home, as there was a person in Scotland who could cure him. Of this person a circumstantial description was given him. The patient returned to Scotland, and some years after he met on the bridge of Earn one to whom the description in every particular applied. He requested his aid, and was cured by the stranger with a few simple herbs. The physician was prosecuted as a necromancer, in compact with the devil, notwithstanding his protestation that the cure was natural. Mr. Chambers most justly remarks that in this narrative the reader will recognize a story which has been told with many variations as to time, place and circumstance, but always with the assumption of what would now be described in certain circles as an exercise of the power of *clairvoyance* respecting a person unknown and living at a great distance. Even our modern spiritualism was not unrepresented in the reign of James VI. Mr. Williamson, schoolmaster at Cupar, solemnly assured his friends that when in London he was once invited by a stranger to dine with him. He accepted the invitation, found a magnificent table and a distinguished assembly. The *guests were all served by spirits*. Delighted with the advantages of this incorporeal ministration, Mr. Williamson asked permission to join their privileged society. Great, however, was the dismay with which he recoiled, when informed that as a necessary preliminary he must renounce his baptism and abstract his spirit from all materiality! During his alarm and the prayer for protection which it naturally dictated, his ætherial companions disappeared. Apprehensive of the pecuniary liabilities which this sudden withdrawal might impose on him, he summoned an attendant, and learned, to his unspeakable relief, that "there was nothing to pay, for *they* had done it all." Here, again, Mr. Chambers explains these mysterious phenomena by postulating a condition of brain artificially produced in which the suggestion of objects and events is sufficient to generate a belief in their reality.

Another illustration of the spiritualism of our ancestors is furnished by Mr. Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle. Inspired by the laudable desire of repressing the "impudent and growing atheism," this gentleman wrote in 1691 an essay on the nature and actions of the subterranean invisible people, heretofore going under the names of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies. The Faires he describes as possessed of light and changeable bodies, like condensed clouds, and living in little hillocks, where they are sometimes heard to bake bread, strike hammers, and do such like services. In speech and apparel, he tells us, the fairy folk resemble those under whose country they live. Women are yet alive, continues the orthodox minister of Aberfoyle, who aver that they were once taken away to nurse fairy children! After what the unenlightened believed to be his death, Mr. Kirk appeared to a relation, telling him that he was himself in Fairyland, and that only by the performance of a particular ceremony could he be restored to human society. When the prescribed rite was about to be celebrated, this captive of Titania appeared a second time; but the selected hierophant was so astounded at the apparition that he failed in the task which he had undertaken. Consequently, adds our historian, Mr. Kirk was left to "dree his wierd" in Fairyland.

All this fairy faith was rife in Scotland when the chief of Shakspeare's company, Lawrence Fletcher was in Aberdeen. Might not the great poet of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" have there collected materials for the beautiful embodiment of its fading graceful legends, as Mr. Knight conjectures that he did for those scenes in "Macbeth" which represent the workings of a dark and baleful superstition?

In the religious exaltation of those days, illusions of sight and hearing often assumed the form of an epidemic. Optical phenomena, cerebral derangement, and physical laws not then ascertained, suffice to explain the prodigies which historians commemorate, from the neighing of horses, and the shock of armies that the Greek, in his excited imagination, heard on the plain of Marathon four hundred years after the Persian invasion, to the last vision of the Virgin Mary to the dreaming shepherd boy in Catholic France, or the most recent appearance of the Savior on his cross to the enthusiastic miner or fisherman, in the bewildering raptures of conversion, in Protestant England. "The predominant popular idea," as Mr. Chambers remarks, "always appears in the vision." If the poetic Greek was visited by Apollo or the nymphs—if in the apostolic age the image of his holy ideal ever came and went before the quickened vision of the devout Christian—if in mediæval story the divine Mother calls some Maid of Orleans as she watches in the fields, the Scottish peasant had in those old Covenanting days his appropriate experience of præternaturalism. With him the celestial revelation commonly took the form of preaching and psalm-singing. Thus, the night after the battle of Rullion-Green, in 1666, the voice of a multitude about Gilston mount, making the sweetest melody imaginable, was heard by many persons who publicly attested their conviction: and a year or two after, in those places where the Gospel was most frequently preached, the brae-sides were seen covered with the appearance of men and women with tents, and voices were heard in them. There is something of the sublimity of the Apocalypse in the description given by Alexander Stirling of a similar vision of mystic beings singing beside a milk-white horse with a blood-red saddle on his back, so teaching him that the Everlasting Word would soon come to that place, and with it its sure and sorrowful accompaniment, for "the white horse was the Gospel, and the red saddle persecution."

These hallucinations were comparatively innocent, and not unredeemed by a gleam of fancy, or charm of moral feeling. But we have to describe now the characteristics and consequences of that dark and baleful superstition which cast a shadow over the rising day of Scotland, in the times of the Covenanters, as it had thrown a yet deeper blackness over the long night of the middle ages —the belief in sorcery or witchcraft. This cruel and degrading faith was not peculiar to the Scotch Reformer; though his religious zeal, and his more submissive regard for the authority which prescribed and sustained it, the Book of Books, which spoke to him now in his own native tongue, may have intensified his credulous predisposition, and sharpened his implacable hatred of this imaginary crime into fresh and additional acuteness. The act under which so many unfortunate men and women suffered was passed by the Estates of Scotland in the third year of Queen Mary. It prohibited all manner of witchcraft, sorcery, or necromancy, and condemned to death all who practised or countenanced them. It was impartial in its application; no rank or social elevation was a security against its ascription. The grave matron, the beautiful maiden, the titled dame, and the powerful noble, were all indifferently amenable to the suspicion, and therefore to the punishment, of witchcraft. We read of a Lady Foulis who was accused of this crime, of a Lord Bothwell who was compromised by its imputation, of a Master of Orkney, an earl's brother, who was tried for its alleged commission; while Eupham M'Calyean, daughter of a Judge of Court-session, was burned alive as a witch, and William Stewart, Lion King of Arms, was hanged as a necromancer. The deplorable circumstance was the confirmation given to the popular fanaticism by the voluntary confession of the miserable victims of an unaccountable delusion. The imbecility of the human intellect, when deprived of the support of a scientific training, or, at least, of the regulating and alterative influences of a philosophic public opinion, is evinced more clearly and more unequivocally in the phenomena of witchcraft than in any other with which we are familiar. It is humiliating to reflect that ignorance was ever ready to corroborate what credulity invented, that the fictitious charges which the public terror circulated were corroborated by the prescriptions of a traditionary hallucination. The accused themselves believed in their criminality. They pleaded guilty to an indictment of imaginary sin and impossible crime. They acknowledged the reality of their alleged visits to the invisible world; of a personal contact with the Satan of mythological Christianity; of their raising storms for the destruction of shipping; and of many other implications, some grimly terrible, some ridiculous, and all impossible. They flew upon corn-straws, they were entertained by the queen of faëry, they took the shapes of hares, cats and crows, they transferred the pains of parturition not only to another woman, but even to a man, or one of the inferior animals; they inflicted terrible sicknesses on human beings; they destroyed cattle, and withered the young corn in the blade. They did all these things; that is, they were accused of doing them, and believed they did them. Were they lunatics, or was it the lust of notoriety, and the love of imputed power, and in some cases the agony of torture, which wrung from them the confession of guilt? Whatever the cause, the result was the same—death. Generally, they were burnt, sometimes singly, sometimes in batches of twenty-eight and even of fifty. Often the recorded sentence against these victims of this atrocious superstition is one that thickens the blood as we read it. They were condemned to be *worried at the stake*. The human mind was not sceptical in those days. The Estates of the kingdom, the presbytery of the Church, the peer and the peasant, the judge and the criminal, the Protestant and Catholic were all equally convinced of the supernatural efficacy of the old woman, whose crime was a spiteful look, or the fair maiden who charmed her lover's heart by the natural magic of her beauty. Yet in those days Shakspeare was creating his human-hearted Imogens and Helens, and Bacon was introducing that only true wisdom which makes man the interpreter and minister of nature.

All this time there was growing up in Scotland a superstition less deplorable in its consequences than that which we have now described, but which, always vexatious and ensnaring, has become almost intolerable in our own generation. In direct opposition to the decision of St. Paul, and with the strange predilection for the Old Testament theology which distinguished alike the Scotch Covenanter and the English Puritan, the Presbyterian Kirk introduced into Scotland the Judaical observance of the Sabbath, retaining with some inconsistency the Sunday festival of the Catholic Church, while rejecting all the other feasts which its authority had consecrated. In spite, however, of ecclesiastical acts and temporal statutes, many years elapsed before the nation attained to that "placid acquiescence" in the sullen and sanctimonious monotony which now disgraces the day. The principal demands of the new Church were for complete abstinence from work and mercantile transactions; but so late as 1596 we find a local presbytery complaining to the Privy Council of the obstinate refusal of the people to abandon the Sunday market. Somewhat later the civic magistracy of Aberdeen was obliged to content itself with the injunction that no market either of fish or flesh shall be held on the Sabbath day in *time of sermon*. There is evidence that at this period taverns were allowed to be open, and public amusements permitted in the intervals of divine service. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, tailors, shoemakers and bakers in Aberdeen were accustomed to work till eight or nine every Sunday morning. While violation of the prescribed ritual observances was punished by fine, the exclusive consecration of the Sunday which subsequently prevailed was then unknown. Indeed there were regular "play Sundays" in Scotland till the end of the sixteenth century, when, in obedience to an ordinance of the General Assembly, the religious exercises of the citizen monopolized much of his time, and he was bound under penalties to avoid the profanation of the Sabbath day. It is worth noting here that in Scotland then, as still in Norway, the Sabbath was held to commence at sun-set of Saturday, and to terminate at sunset, or six o'clock, on Sunday.

The Reformation, while it gradually drew around this festival of the ancient Church the ring fence of an unnatural restriction, had sternly repressed the observance of Christmas, Easter, and the various saints' days. Then, too, the old May games virtually went out, and the hobby-horse was forgot. Some of the hereditary amusements, however, still enjoyed "a sort of twilight life"; and though the serious classes frowned, the simple order of the people was too much in love with Robin Hood and the Abbot of Unreason to resign its wonted sport without a struggle. Some religious practices of the ancient Church, too, were still dear to the hearts of those who had so lately broken away from its hallowing associations. Pilgrimages were not unfrequent, and the Chapel of the Virgin and the Chapel of Grace were visited by the pious Presbyterian as well as the faithful Catholic. Customs of even pagan derivation still flourished in the country; and the bale-fires that were kindled at Midsummer were extinguished by the indignant presbyteries with a slow and often frustrated hand. The old creeds die hard; and not till they have lost all social efficacy does the vitality quite desert them. Even in dying they bequeath some graceful form or touching memory; and we can hardly wonder at the rigid and ascetic Puritan, who has other work to do than to preserve the symbols of a pious fancy, indiscriminately condemning all the monuments and usages of a past which had transmitted so much of falsehood, folly and sin. The Reformers of Scotland never modified their opinions or their practices; and the Chapels of Grace shared the fate of those nobler structures whose fall Knox himself ceased to regret when he reflected how irrevocably they were identified, in the popular feeling, with the fair humanities, no less than with the repulsive superstitions of the ancient faith.—*Extract from a Review of Chambers's "Domestic Annals of Scotland."*

* Carlyle's "Cromwell," vol. ii.

† See Goethe's "Faust," last scene.

For The Standard.

THOSE IN BONDS.

GOD of our blessings manifold!
While here within Thy courts we dwell,
We feel Thy favors, never told,
Thy mercies we can never tell!

God, unto whom our prayers arise,
Whose wisdom all our way controls,
We thank Thee for the promises,
Writ in thy word, and in our souls.

Yet while our grateful praise resounds
For blessings neither small nor few,
We would remember those in bonds,
As we were bondmen with them too,

And thank Thee that, though mysteries
And darkness round Thy way may be,
Yet, in Thy plans and purposes,
Thou knowest neither bond nor free!

Yea, thank Thee, though we see below
No breaking of the oppressor's rod,
That all thy children yet may know
The freedom of the sons of God!

Sunday, Aug 1st. PHŒBE CARY.

A LETTER FROM HUMBOLDT ON THE DEATH OF BONPLAND.

THE Berlin correspondent of the Boston *Journal* sends the following letter of Alexander Von Humboldt, on the recent death of Bonpland. His senior by about four years, Humboldt hoped he might not survive the warmest friend of his early years, but it seems to be the destiny of this venerable man to follow all his friends to the grave, and to remain himself the sole representative of the times of his youth.

HUMBOLDT'S LETTER.

Conscious of the deep sympathy of numerous friends in the sorrow occasioned by the wide-spread report of the death of my dear, noble friend and fellow-traveller, Bonpland, I consider it my duty to give at least a brief notice of this event, for the particulars of which I am indebted to the kind services of Dr. Lallemant, author of an important paper on the diseases of Europeans in the tropics. This talented gentleman, after leaving the Austrian royal expedition in the frigate Novara, in February of this year, for the purpose of doing a kindness to myself, made the journey from Rio Janeiro to Rio Grande, and thence by way of Porto Alegro through the former Jesuit Mission to San Borgia, under the erroneous impression that Bonpland, who had gone there in 1831, was still resident at that place. I have received two letters from Dr. Lallemant, one dated at San Borgia on the 10th of April, the other written from the village of Umguaiana, after he had visited Bonpland at Santa Ana. An extended abstract of these letters having been sent to the editor of the widely-read and interesting botanical journal, *The Bonplandia*, in Hanover, the following briefer extracts may here suffice.

"In San Borgia," writes Dr. Lallement, "I lived with an intimate friend of Bonpland, the Vicar Gray, with whom I visited the garden of the botanist, so long cultivated with care, but now lying waste and desolate. It was near the close of the year 1857 that the Vicar last received letters from Bonpland, since when intelligence had come of his severe illness. Letters of inquiry still remained unanswered, and, notwithstanding the short distance between the places, the people of San Borgia were uncertain whether I should find you fellow-travellers yet in the land of the living. In 1853 Bonpland had left San Borgia and taken up his residence upon his larger plantation of Santa Ana, where he had long occupied himself in the cultivation of orange trees. The residence of the aged scholar in the Estancia of Santa Ana consists of two large buildings, mere clay walls bound together by bamboo stieks, and a few beams, and thatched with straw. These buildings have doors, but no windows, the light being admitted through the chinks between the bamboo sticks. Despite the deep furrows which an eventful life had engraven in the beloved countenance, his eye had not grown dim nor lost any of its full-thoughted vivacity. But lively conversation, though started by himself, appeared to weary him much, and he suffered severely from a chronic affection of the bladder. The privations he had so strangely imposed upon himself are by no means in consequence of poverty, or of any necessity for abstinence, but of long custom, great self-control, and characteristic individuality. The government of Corrientes has presented to him an estate valued at 10,000 Spanish piasters, and he enjoys a French pension of 3,000 francs a year. He has never made the practice of medicine a source of pecuniary profit to himself. Though universally revered, he loves the solitude, and especially avoids all persons who might offer him assistance or advice. His scientific ardor has not yet abated, and his collections and manuscripts are deposited in Corrientes, where he has founded a national museum.

"On the following morning I found him visibly worse, and sinking away. The night had been a painful one. I pressed him to tell me whether I might not, in some way, be of service to him. But I fared no better than his other friends—he would accept of no assistance. How gladly would I have persuaded him to return once more to civilized society! But I, too, felt with him that his time was past. He belongs to the first half of the nineteenth century, not to the second. I think that your friend himself was moved when I took his wasted hands in mine with the pressure of farewell. For three months now his attendants have remarked his failing strength, and perhaps the old man had the same forboding as myself at parting, that I might be the last ambassador of European lineage who should penetrate the depths of the wilderness to offer him regard, love and thanks, in the name of that science which owes so much to his labors. I mounted my horse and rode northward through the evergreen plains. No path showed my way, no guide disturbed me; I was alone with my sorrowful thoughts over the departing Bonpland.

Yet how cheerful the last letter I received from Bonpland, bearing date the 7th of June, 1857! "I myself," he writes, "shall bring all my collections and manuscripts to Paris, and deposit them in the Museum. My journey to France will be exceedingly short. I shall return to my Santa Ana, where I lead a quiet and happy life. Here shall I die, and my sepulchre and my grave shall be underneath the shadow of the many trees I have planted. Oh, how happy were I, my dear Humboldt, could we meet once more, and recall our common experiences! On the 28th of August next I shall be eighty-four years old, and am yet four years younger than you. A man lately died in this vicinity who had attained the age of one hundred and seven. What a prospect for two travellers who have already stepped beyond the eightieth year!"

The cheering, almost life-desiring tone of this letter contrasts strangely with the melancholy representations of Dr. Lallemant. According to Herr von Tschudi the report was credited in Montevideo on the 29th of May, that Bonpland had died at Borgia, the date of his death uncertain. Yet Dr. Lallemant had spoken with him on the 18th of April in Santa Ana, and on May 10 the report of his death was discredited at Porto Allegro. Thus there yet remains ground for hope that the younger is not to be first called away. Such remoteness often stretches uncertainty to a painful duration; such the solicitude felt for Edward Vogel in Central Africa, and for Adolphus Schlagintweit in Central Asia—the sorrowfully missed! ALEXANDER V. HUMBOLDT.

Berlin, July 12, 1858.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

THE time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves,
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat
"Master, behold thy sheaves."

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves!

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

In "Oulita, the Serf," by Mr. Helps, we find the heroine saying, "There was a time I would have died to escape the shame of being scourged; *but now I have too much past happiness to think of, ever to be very miserable.*"

——Dr. Zohrab, the Sultan's physician, who bore an enthusiastic testimony to the Sultan's good qualities, told Mrs. Hornby that no petition not backed by a bribe to the minister was ever allowed to reach the Sultan's hand.

——The Shakspeare autograph is enshrined in the British Museum. It lies on velvet, in a sloping mahogany case, with a plate-glass before it, and curtains of blue silk to protect it from too strong a light. What a change from lying in a dirty chest, in a three-pair-back attic off Chancery lane!

——Mr. John Bolton Rogerson, the Manchester poet, author of "Rhyme, Romance and Reverie," and various other works, has been granted a pension of £50, which will suffice to "keep the wolf from the door" for the rest of his days. For some time past Mr. Rogerson has partially lost the use of his limbs from rheumatism, so that he is quite incapacitated for the pursuits of active industry.

——A painting by M. Ivanoff, a Russian painter of note, the subject of which is "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," is now being exhibited in the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg. It has cost M. Ivanoff, a letter states, twenty years' labor, and he made a journey to Jerusalem expressly to make sketches for it. It is said that the Imperial Museum of Russia has purchased it for 40,000 roubles (160,000f.).

——A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in the journals." "Ah!" said the doctor, stretching his neck, and looking very important, "pray, in what terms?" "In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, it is nearly in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before.'"

——A MUSICAL CAT.—A few mornings ago the wife of a tradesman in Bridge street arose at six o'clock, and was rather surprised to hear the notes of a pianoforte. She proceeded to the sitting-room, but found no pianist there. The housewife had scarcely left the room ere the playing again commenced, and was even louder than before. She most cautiously retraced her steps, and peeping through the half-opened door, to her great astonishment beheld the cat (apparently much pleased) gracefully striking the notes of the piano with his paws, his hind legs resting on a chair in front of the instrument.—*Nottingham Journal.*

——A RELIC OF MUNGO PARK.—Lieutenant Glover of Baikie's West Coast Expedition has met with a valuable relic of Mungo Park. It is a volume of logarithms, with Mungo Park's name and autographic notes and memoranda. The possessor offered it to Mr. Glover for 200,000 cowries. The price demanded was enormous, and it was impossible to pay it. After some consideration, the lieutenant took from his pocket a clasp-knife, and asked the native what he thought of that. This was too tempting a bait to be refused; the native joyfully took the knife, and the lieutenant still more joyfully secured his valuable memento of the distinguished African traveller.

——"My great object," said the first Emperor at St. Helena—and his words are rather impudently reproduced in a Paris pamphlet believed to spring from ministerial inspiration—"was to concentrate at Cherbourg all our maritime forces—and in time they would, when needed, have been immense—in order to strike a grand blow at the enemy. I laid out my plan in such a manner that the two nations would have been, so to speak, forced to struggle hand to hand; and the issue could not have been doubtful, for we should have had more than forty millions of French against fifteen millions of English; I should have terminated it by a battle of Actium."

——A WONDERFUL ANCIENT COIN.—In removing lately the foundations of a wall belonging to Mr. S T. Hills, the Postmaster at Sevenoaks, the workmen found a small silver coin, not nearly so large as a sixpence, very thin and apparently of much antiquity, having on one side, in a dotted circle, a rose head, surmounted by a royal crown, the whole surrounded by a motto, which, as far as can be deciphered, runs as follows: L. D. G. ROSA. SINE SPINA., round which is also a dotted circle. On the reverse is likewise a crown, with two small rose heads, and on each side, over some emblem which cannot be made out, surrounded as above by dotted circles, between which are apparently the letters DEVC. TVEA, and some others which are partly destroyed.—*Maidstone Jour.*

——The Abbé Domenech, who has just published an account of his missionary experiences in Texas and Mexico, narrates that upon one occasion he had taken up his quarters for a night in the outer court of a *rancho*. Not having enough mattresses for all, they were each obliged to accommodate a bed-fellow: "Mine was a young Jew of the name of Moses, who, falling asleep, said to me, while he laughed, 'Have you suspected that you are going to sleep with a Jew?' 'No. And you, have dreamt that your bed-fellow is a Catholic priest?' 'Not the remotest idea of it; you now inform me for the first time.' 'Think you, then, that our slumbers will be the less tranquil?' 'Certainly not.' 'Well, then, good night.' 'Good night.'"

——Some quack schoolmasters advertise an "N. B. No vacations." This is probably defended on the ground that any interruption of studies is not only a loss of time, but unfits the mind for returning to its labors. Some people were of that opinion in the sixteenth century, but not so was Roger Ascham, who strengthens his own by others' sentiments: "I heard a good husband at his book say that to omit study some time in the year made as much for the increase of learning as to let the land lie fallow for some time maketh for the better increase of corn. If the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up—so those which never leave poring over their books have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have."

——A Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* says: "I have been afforded an opportunity of examining many of the letters of Napoleon which are to figure in the collection; and I can assure you that the commission which is charged with the duty of saying what shall and what shall not be published has a most arduous task to perform. For of all the 'cramped pieces of penmanship' that were ever seen, his are the most cramped and unintelligible. The manner in which the letters are formed would frighten a writing-master into fits, and the lines never run straight, whilst not unfrequently they come into collision. And what is singular is, that a great many words are